



# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1833

JUNE 22, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

## Education

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE are glad to be able to congratulate all lovers of and fighters for a free drama in England (who, of course, include all the readers of the ACADEMY) on the decision of the Lord Chamberlain to revise his very foolish decision on the *Mikado* question. The mere fact of an official action or decision being patently and obviously absurd, does not in this country, we regret to say, ensure a probability or even in many cases a possibility of its being annulled or revised. Constant and active pressure brought to bear in as public a manner as possible, coupled if possible with ridicule, has been proved often enough to be the best method of dealing with the sort of official wrongheadedness that characterises, and has always characterised, the actions of the censor of plays. These methods of pressure we have applied to the best of our ability. But the battle is only half won; and until a free and untrammelled stage is granted to this country we shall continue to carry on the campaign. Next week we shall publish an article entitled "The Solution of the Censorship Problem" by Mr. George Bernard Shaw; the most profound and brilliant of our modern dramatists.

Our contemporaries report another burlesque from that perennial fount of comedy, the County Hall, Spring Gardens. The London County Council have been trying to discuss gravely whether the managers of Elementary Schools under the jurisdiction of their Education Committee ought or ought not to be required to provide Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton" for such children as may be disposed to read it in play-hours. Such is the meaning in plain English of the term "requisition list," though this is no criterion that it is the Education Committee's meaning. However, from the discussion it appears that it is. To require that the book be offered to children of fourteen, and to withdraw it from circulation are equally ridiculous, and equally characteristic of the Education Committee, which does as much to bring education into contempt as the Board of Education itself. It might at least abstain from positive orders and confine itself to forming a sort of index of exclusion. It would thus at least curtail its opportunities for folly. "Mary Barton," if scarcely a classic, is an excellent standard novel, and whether it is suitable to children of fourteen must be left to the judgment of their parents. It entirely depends on the individual child. The judgment of the parents of children attending elementary schools is not likely to be

any better than that of the Education Committee, but the parents have at least more opportunity for forming an opinion and it is their natural duty to do so. The Committee need not be in such a violent hurry to proclaim its divided judgment formed without data, and to usurp an unnatural duty which it cannot perform. To discuss whether "immoral subjects" ought "to be brought to the notice of boys and girls" is gross hypocrisy in people who make no protest whatever when the nasty-minded puritan thrusts into their hands the family scandals of Absalom and of the patriarch Judah, on the pretext that the "open Bible is a heritage of the Reformation." It will be time for our educators to consider the moral effect of "Mary Barton" when they have screwed up their courage to say what they think of the suitability of large portions of the Holy Scriptures for use in schools.

The letter from Lady Grove on the subject of Mr. Bernard Shaw's lecture on "The New Theology," which we publish in our correspondence columns, is interesting as expressing in an able manner the views of an intellectual Free-thinker. Not having heard or read Mr. Shaw's lecture we are not in a position to offer an opinion on it, and it is hardly necessary to say that our publication of Lady Grove's letter does not necessarily imply that we are in agreement with her views and criticisms. Our correspondence columns are, however, open to all schools of thought and shades of opinion, provided of course that the rules as to parliamentary language which obtain "in another place" are respected.

The Manorial Society is about to issue the first of a series of lists of such Manor Court Rolls as are in the possession of private individuals, or in the custody of the stewards of the manors to which the rolls relate, or in that of corporate bodies, as distinguished from those Court Rolls which are preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum Library, and other public depositories of collections of manuscripts and other documents of antiquarian interest. It is obvious that the success of such an undertaking will depend, to a great extent, on the loyal support and cordial co-operation of local antiquaries. Any information respecting the existence of Court Rolls, the periods which they cover, and their present custodians, will be gratefully received by the Registrar of the Society (Mr. Charles Greenwood, F.C.I.S.), 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, E.C. The lists will be issued in parts, at intervals, as such information accumulates, and will be supplied, gratuitously, to members of the Society. It is hardly necessary to point out the value of such lists to the cause of antiquarian research, especially as they will supplement those which are to be found in the national and other public collections above referred to.

It is remarkable that a link between the present generation and Scott should have been only so recently severed by the death of Mr. George Cral. Mr. Cral was present as a boy of sixteen at the now celebrated Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which Scott declared his authorship of the Waverley Novels. It is seldom that a man can remember so many changes in the appreciation of the work of one author. He saw, and we may be sure that so keen and durable an observer noticed, the first established success of Scott, the first decadence towards the close of his life, the recrudescence which immediately follows death, and the second decadence. He saw the great revival some twenty years ago and the subsequent decay. In referring to these changes we of course allude to such changes of appreciation as can be measured by publishers' and booksellers' receipts. These indicate the measure of a writer's popularity at a given moment, and to a careful student of social history, able to follow on the lines suggested by

Balzac, they will be valuable signs of the taste of the periods in which the changes occur. But the fact that appreciation of a writer varies does not affect his merits. The true place of Scott was indicated by the French critics and by the consensus of French literary opinion before his death. He will always remain the great European revivalist of romance in the eighteenth century. We call him this, not because he was a pioneer in the Romantic movement. He achieved a more remarkable feat without designing to do so; he arrested its deterioration and at the same time brought it to its highest perfection, so that of that movement it may be said that nothing became it so much as its own decay.

The United States Supreme Court has dismissed the indictments against the "Theatrical Trust," the principal members of which are Messrs. Frohman, Klaw, Erlanger, Nixon and Zimmerman. The District Attorney, Mr. Jerome, based his application against this formidable gang of Jewish financiers on the experience of Sarah Bernhardt during her tour in America. The "Trust" refused permission to Madame Bernhardt to play in their theatres, and in other words Madame Bernhardt refused to be blackmailed into paying the enormous sums demanded by the "Trust"; the consequence was that she was reduced to giving her performances in tents and booths and public halls. The Judges of the Supreme Court came to the extraordinary decision that "plays were not articles of trade," and that therefore the "Trust" could not be said to have "restrained trade" by their action. The attitude of the United States towards all the arts and all artists is rapidly reaching the point when it will become necessary for all creators of artistic work to join in a boycott of that incredible country. Columbus discovered America several hundred years ago. Perhaps, in another half-dozen centuries some still more daring traveller will discover the American moral sense.

The reports of the performance of the *Medea* of Euripides at University College are interesting from the alterations which Professor Ernest Gardner introduced in the arrangement of the orchestra, consequent on the late discoveries at Priene; from the evidence which it afforded of the work which the University College can turn out of its workshops, and from the praiseworthy efforts of the caste. We comment from report, for we were unfortunately not represented. We distrust the pronunciation of Greek recommended by the Classical Association on account of its emanence; and we question the propriety of University College in taking a lead in the matter. We should like to be certain that the Classical Association is not attempting to run us into another backwater, as it has done in the pronunciation of Latin. We have not their scheme of Greek pronunciation before us, and we trust that the implied approval of Professor Ernest Gardner shows that it is a scheme used by Greeks and recognised on the continent of Europe, and not based merely on antiquarian research, and the confused idea of sounds heard by deaf scholars in this country.

The Saturday-sales at Christies which had become an institution for the sake of which many amateurs were willing to remain in town for the week-end have been advanced to Fridays. An important sale of English pictures took place on June 14. English portraits still keep up their inflated prices. Raeburn's full-length portrait of Mrs. Hart sold for six thousand six hundred guineas, Gainsborough's landscape, belonging to Captain F. H. Huth, fetched five thousand seven hundred pounds. These two pictures accounted for one-third of the whole proceeds of the sale. The details of the sale can be seen in the columns of the *Times* of

June 15. An interesting work of Fuseli, *Beatrice (Much Ado about Nothing)*, received but little attention. Fuseli is a master who has fallen into a measure of contempt which he does not deserve. The originality and interest of his drawings have been pointed out by Rossetti, and are beginning to be appreciated on the Continent. The *Beatrice* retains the qualities of the drawings (often lost in the oil-pictures) in a remarkable degree.

The fact was recorded by Sir Spencer Walpole in his speech at the sixty-sixth annual meeting of the London Library, that while the Library had a record number of members, and more money than ever before had been spent last year in the purchase of books, there had been such a marked decline in the demand for novels that the total number of books issued to subscribers had considerably diminished. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs, and we hope a healthy sign of reaction against the intellectual tyranny of the novel. It is not too much to say that ninety per cent. of the novels issued are absolutely worthless, and that when the unfortunate reviewer is driven to praise some among them he only does so relatively. Of course there are notable and splendid exceptions, but they are rare and are unfortunately not on the increase. It would perhaps be truer to say that while the supply of really good novels remains, taking one thing with another, pretty much as it was, the enormously increasing bulk of bad novels makes it every year more difficult to discover the few good ones that appear.

The death of Professor A. S. Herschel at Observatory House, Slough, suggests an obvious reflection as to how very seldom proficiency in one intellectual direction is hereditary. Though the late Mr. Herschel actually filled a chair of Physics and Experimental Philosophy, he was an enthusiastic astronomer also. He was the son of Sir John Herschel, the celebrated observer of double stars and nebulae, and the grandson of the famous Hanoverian Sir William Herschel, who discovered satellites, and a new planet, which he named "Georgium Sidus," in honour of George III. Europe could not stomach this burlesque of the heavens and has changed its name to Uranus. The late Mr. A. S. Herschel is thus the third member in succession of a family who has "shepherded the stars." No other family can probably show a better record in any science or art.

A great deal of unnecessary fuss is being made in various newspapers about the arrival of "Mark Twain" in London. Mr. Clemens has arrived in London before, and he will probably arrive there again many times. We sincerely hope he will. But is it not time that some of Mr. Clemens's jokes were given a little rest? Some of them that have been reproduced in the London papers have been doing duty for at least twenty years. When Mr. Clemens arrives at the state of being "unbound from the wheel of things," and is able to escape from illusions, he will perhaps be able to realise that the biggest joke ever perpetrated in connection with him will have been the conferring of an honorary degree upon him by the University of Oxford. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* Mr. Bernard Shaw the other day coupled "Mark Twain" with Edgar Allan Poe, and declared that they were the two greatest writers that America had produced. But in considering this dictum of Mr. Shaw's it is well to bear in mind that when he gave expression to it he was waiting at a railway station to meet Professor Henderson, the Professor of Mathematics of the University of North Carolina, and that he was pounced upon by the expectant journalists who were awaiting "Mark Twain," who came by the same train as the Professor. There is hardly any limit to what one will say at a railway station when one is waiting for a train, especially if the train is late.



## THE TRAITOR

CAST out my soul the broken covenant,  
 Forget the pitiable masquerade,  
 And that ignoble part ignobly played.  
 Let us take share that such a mummer's rant  
 Of noble things, could pierce the adamant  
 Of Pride wherewith we ever were arrayed,  
 And being with a kiss once more betrayed,  
 Let not our tears honour that sycophant.

Let him, on graves of buried loyalty,  
 Rise as he may to his desired goal;  
 Ay and God speed him there, I grudge him not.  
 And when all men shall sing his praise to me  
 I'll not gainsay. But I shall know his soul  
 Lies in the bosom of Iscariot.

A. D.

## WINDOWS

HERE in the city each window is blank as a dead man's  
 eye;

But the windows of a village in the land where I would be  
 Shine out for me like the faces of friends when night  
 storms up the sky;

Scanning the hills for their tardy guest; waiting, looking  
 for me.

Like the smoke of a burning empire the night drifts over  
 the deep,

And the shadows are dusky giants who stride o'er the  
 mountain range;

And the silent earth is clothed with the marvellous hues of  
 sleep,

And the dark flowers melt in darkness, and the white  
 flowers waver and change.

O it is there I would be at this hour, far from the voluble  
 street,

And the cunning of little men, and the gossip of little  
 towns;

Above my head my comrades the stars, and beneath my  
 feet

The warm bosom of earth, the naked breast of the  
 downs.

For I know that where the lines of the hill curve splendidly  
 to the sea,

In the house with the grey stone gable beyond where the  
 pathway ends,

Night after night, in storm or calm, a woman watches for  
 me

At one of those golden windows that shine like the eyes  
 of friends.

And I know that when I return at last, travel-sullied and  
 vile,

Scourged by the whips of life, broken and wan with  
 years,

The blood will leap to my desolate heart when I see her  
 smile,

And my tear-stained soul shall be cleansed in the healing  
 rain of her tears.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

## LITERATURE

## ORA PRO NOBIS

*Doctrina Romanensium de Invocatione Sanctorum.* Being a  
 brief Inquiry into the Principles that underlie the  
 Practice of the Invocation of Saints. By Rev. H. F.  
 STEWART, B.D. With an Introduction by the Bishop of  
 Salisbury. (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.)

Is invocation of Saints permissible in the Church of  
 England? The twenty-second Article of Religion of the  
 Church of England refers to invocation of Saints in the  
 following terms: "The Romish doctrine concerning Pur-  
 gatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of  
 Images as of Reliques, and also Invocation of Saints,  
 is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no  
 warranty of Scripture but rather repugnant to the Word  
 of God." At first sight this might appear to be a plain  
 and unqualified condemnation, disposing finally for the  
 English Churchman of the question of Saint Invocation.  
 But the statement, except for those who accept the  
 "Protestant-Sect" theory of the Church of England, is  
 not by any means so simple. If we apply the historical  
 method to the Article in question we at once see the  
 necessity for its true interpretation of considering the  
 circumstances under which it was written and the reasons  
 why it was so worded. We are then at once confronted  
 by the following questions: Does the Church of England  
 condemn invocation of Saints *per se*, or does the Article  
 apply only to the *Romish doctrine* of Invocation of  
 Saints? And if it applies only to "the Romish doc-  
 trine" is there any other doctrine of Invocation of Saints  
 which is not condemned? Further, if it renounces  
 "the Romish doctrine," which particular Romish doc-  
 trine does it renounce? Canon XIV. of the Council  
 of Trent reads: "All superstition in the Invocation of  
 Saints is to be put down." And whatever may be said as  
 to certain practices tolerated by Rome in many countries  
 in connection with saint-worship it is impossible to find  
 anything in her authorised formularies from the folio  
 decrees of Councils down to the smallest catechism  
 placed in the hands of the youngest children which give  
 countenance to them. Now the doctrine of the Com-  
 munion of Saints is two-fold; in the first place that the  
 Saints of God make intercession before Him for their  
 brethren on earth; in the second place that it is lawful  
 to invoke their intercession. Now this is a Catholic  
 doctrine of Invocation of Saints not exclusively "Roman."  
 It is held equally by the Eastern Church. It may be  
 proved by "most certainty warrants" of Holy Scripture  
 and also by the writings of the early Catholic fathers—  
 the two authorities to which the Church of England  
 makes her appeal. In the second century we have  
 St. Irenæus telling us (*Adver. Hæres.* L. v.c. xix,  
 p. 361) that:

as Eve was seduced to fly from God, so was the Virgin Mary induced  
 to obey Him, that She might become the advocate of her that had  
 fallen.

In the third century we have the testimony of several

fathers. Here are two, one from the Greek and one from the Latin Church. Origen writes (Lib. xi de Job):

I will fall down on my knees, and not presuming, on account of my crimes, to present my prayer to God, I will invoke all the saints to my assistance. O ye saints of heaven, I beseech you . . . fall at the feet of the Lord of Mercies for me a miserable sinner.

Then St. Cyprian (Ep. lvii. p. 96) in the same century:

Let us be mindful of one another in our prayers; with one mind and with one heart in this world and the next. . . . And may the charity of him, who, by the divine favour shall first depart hence still persevere before the Lord; may his prayer for our brethren and sisters not cease.

Now this last is a Catholic form of invocation or rather comprecation which it would hardly have been the intention of the Article to condemn. The Bishop of Salisbury in his very guarded and temperate preface to Mr. Stewart's little book, without actually expressing, seems to endorse this view. He finds nothing to object to in a prayer such as "Hear, O Lord, our prayers together with the prayers of our brethren who have gone before," but he considers that the limit is overstepped when we single out particular persons and ask for their prayers as particularly powerful with God.

It would therefore seem correct to state that the Church of England has never repudiated the doctrine of Invocation of Saints, but has strongly condemned the practices which have grown up in and been tolerated by the Church of Rome. In this little volume Mr. Stewart aims at tracing briefly the history of these practices and the superstitions that arise out of them. He lays himself open, however, to serious criticism when he states—what he afterwards seems to contradict by his quotations—that "it may be questioned whether there really is any other doctrine of Invocation of Saints" (i.e., than the Roman doctrine) and that "it seems to be the fact that the doctrine is inextricably intertwined with other doctrines which the reformed Church of England has definitely declined to hold." Among these other doctrines Mr. Stewart classes "the doctrines of supererogation, of the treasury of merits, of indulgences, etc." Now it would have been well if Mr. Stewart had been a little more definite on these matters in view of the intense ignorance of English churchmen on indulgences and the treasury of merits. An indulgence, it may be stated, is a remission by the Church, in virtue of the power of the keys, of a portion or the whole of the temporal punishment due to sin. The infinite merits of Christ form the fund, as it were, whence the remission is derived; but, besides, the Roman Church holds that by the communion of saints, penitential works performed by the just, beyond what their own sins might exact, are available to other members of Christ's mystical body; that, for instance, to quote the late Cardinal Wiseman:

the sufferings of the spotless Mother of God, the austerities and persecutions of the Baptist, the tortures endured by numberless martyrs . . . all these made consecrated and valid through their union with the merits of Christ's passion, formed a store of meritorious blessings, applicable to the satisfaction of sinners.

Now on this theory of human merit Mr. Stewart is very hard, although bound to admit its antiquity—finding it indeed without doubt firmly established in the Jewish mind at the beginning of the era. But it is possible to repudiate it very strongly and its kindred phases of thought, as, indeed, the theologians of the Eastern Church do, without striking at Invocation, and Mr. Stewart overstates his case when he insists upon the inseparability of the two positions.

The fact is that Invocation of Saints has its root in deep religious sentiment. It is a purely natural impulse arising out of the doctrine of Communion of Saints. It is instinctive. There may be wisdom in restricting the use of direct invocation of particular saints in the public liturgy, but no one can restrain the heart's cry of the devout to those who have gone before—Ora pro nobis.

## BEHIND THE EGYPTIAN SCENES

*Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt.* By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Unwin, 15s. net.)

"I HAD a thing to say. And it is said." Thus, with a sense of fulfilment rarely realised in modern literature or life, but proper in both departments to himself, does Mr. Wilfrid Blunt bring to a close "The Wind and the Whirlwind"—a poem of fervid appeal against England's Egyptian policy of 1882. That poem, long out of print, reappears at the end of this volume of purposeful prose. With the thing said we are here and now, by profession, less instantly concerned than with the way of the saying of it. The politics of the book will endure as something more than a mere footnote to the history of stirring events now near twenty-five years old; but it is ours, meanwhile, to take note of the statement of those politics for its straightness, its grasp of the main things, the things that count, its capture of essential words amid a surrounding babel of claptrap, its delightful blending of the personal with the political, its sane appreciation of public events, through the entire tangle of which the author moves with the impulse and candour of a single mind, and the majesty of a conscious ascent above the pettiness of what R. L. Stevenson called "the dull trade" of politics. It is the half-luck of some authors to have nothing to say and to say it well; of others to have something to say but to say it ill. Here we get the wholly lucky author, who has manner and matter at command. He had a thing to say; and verily it is said.

Processes are nearly always fascinating to observe; and Mr. Blunt gives us history in the making. Even as scaffolding confers on London a beauty which the finished building obliterates, so the "Button"-holeings of the *Times*, the week-end Crabbet tennis-parties of men who moved on Monday the strings behind the stage of politics, the exchange of views with "Eddy" Hamilton, the informal intercourse with Gladstone, the dinners with the Carlises, the Queen's garden-party, the chat with the Prince, the seed sown in this letter, or cast to the winds in that telegram—all this network of propaganda has an interest and a charm which are denied to the student of public policy in its finished form. Right or wrong, Mr. Blunt believed that Egypt could work out its own regeneration. Gladstone, out of office, had seen beside the Nile a people "rightly struggling to be free"; and it was Mr. Blunt's part to try to maintain in Gladstone the Prime Minister the ethical elevation of Gladstone the mere man. It was his part, in short, to foment Arabi Pasha's opposition to Sultan and Khedive; to fight in England against the bondholders who sought to impose in the nineteenth century a new Egyptian bondage; to send to Arabi fair words so long as fair words could be extracted (the word is chosen, for it was moral dentistry, and no less, that drew them) from Ministers; to sing the fallen after Tel-el-Kebir, and to succour the prisoners whom other people sought to slay. If you see history in the making, you see the need there may be for a scapegoat; you see how the undertaking of a war can only be justified afterwards by treating the occasion of it as your enemy's crime, and your enemy as an ingrained malefactor; you hear the false rumour cried out at the street corner, and you read the faked telegram in your evening paper; you know the expediency behind the principle, and are aware of the skeleton in the closet of monarchs and ministers; and you watch the wires, and the working of them, by deft hands in deadly opposition.

This is how Mr. Blunt regarded the events that led up to the English occupation of Egypt; and, when he could not prevent the bombardment of Alexandria and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—when he failed as peacemaker and as private agent at once of Arabi and, O miracle! almost of the British Government—he at least contrived to save the life of Arabi the Egyptian, whom later the Prince of Wales was happy to save also from exile. It is the Blunt



truth that he here tells, and when is that quite welcome? Never but in the "palmy" days—that have no "date."

With party politics Mr. Blunt has had nothing to do. His standpoint is that of a lover of the Arab, man—and horse. We suppose that to him a hedge is only something to leap over; and a boundary between nations a barrier to ignore. He does not wait, as the most of us wait, for the verdict of matured history. At what date, we fancy him asking, did our last Chinese War cease to be justified by Englishmen who still ranked among the patriotic? Mr. Bright, whom Mr. Blunt stirred against this Gladstonian war in Egypt, was almost alone when he spelled the Crimea a—crime; but now! Later instances could be cited to show that Mr. Blunt did during the day of conflict what others postpone doing till its morrow. It is an awkward thing to do at once. You get the mud, if nothing harder, of both combatants. Your head is all but forfeit to your own Government; the army is angry with you; the navy makes nasty remarks; the civil service turns uncivil altogether; and you catch it from the newspapers. Harry Brand says you are "a traitor;" and his father, the Speaker, gives you an order for the gallery with a decided air that it ought to be for the gallows. That is when you are Mr. Blunt; and then you are reminded, in addition, that you married the grand-daughter of Byron, and if you have written verse which some people say is better than his, you must play the patriot too and on a larger field—Greece for the one, Egypt for the other. If at the end of all this, you are able to write a big book without a single hard word in it, though sometimes an inevitably hard fact, you achieve something that is surely worth the achieving. The tale of Mr. Blunt's triumphs, too short while the fight raged, was, in truth, not all told until this book stood to his account.

Though his name is an absentee from the volume's admirable Index, Cromer "sometimes nods" to you in its pages. Sir E. Malet and Sir Auckland Colvin are there, officially terrible and terribly official. Mr. Blunt's readings of men and women make, of course, excellent by-play in the book. Those we quote we quote "without prejudice." Lord Wolseley of twenty-five years ago is "a brisk little jerky man" (Mr. Blunt, you perceive, is tall and calm) "whom it is impossible to accept as a great general," and, again, "an Irishman with a rough touch of brogue, good-humoured, *but*"—not a Napoleon. Lord Esher, then Reginald Brett and Lord Hartington's secretary, was met at a dinner-party and measured up as "a friend of the Rothschilds and other financiers who were clamouring for intervention" and "one of our bitterest enemies." Lord Rosebery, too, was all for the Bonds, and there was an abortive drive to the City to see "Natty" Rothschild—a drive which certainly ought to have been rewarded, as Tancred's was, with an adventure by the way. Lord Goschen, "agreeable in manner, with much charm of voice," was, of course, particularly careful to impress on Mr. Blunt that "he was not taking a financial view of the situation"—not he; and it is laughable to find that already, two and a half decades ago, Mr. Morley, then printing weird telegrams from Cairo in the *Pall Mall*, was a dog with a good name that has stuck to him: Morley, being so true a Liberal, said "Eddy" Hamilton then, as it might have been last week in the Commons, could not take an illiberal line. And Arabi was writing simultaneously: "Our only perplexity is caused by the lies published by unscrupulous men in the European press."

The late Lord De la Warr, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard (as Lord and Lady Carlisle then were), Mr. Percy Wyndham (the only Tory to vote in the minority of twenty-five against the Alexandria bombardment), Sir William and Lady Gregory, the author's wife, Lady Anne Blunt, and her brother, Lord Lovelace, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Lord Ripon ("a thoroughly honest man"), Sir Wilfrid Lawson (all Wilfrids are lovers of men), John Bright, and, of course, Gordon, all appear as the good angels of the piece. Mr. Gladstone is presented as a com-

posite Lucifer and Michael; at the end of all differences, we note, there is agreement between Mr. Gladstone and our author on one point—Madame de Novikoff he writes of as "very charming." No record of the late Lord Lytton can be complete unless it includes the tribute here paid him by the hand of his friend; and there is a touch of charmingly relevant irrelevance in that entry in Mr. Blunt's diary the day that he and Lady Anne Blunt went to meet the Lyttons on their landing from India. Tea was prepared at the local inn, and Lady Lytton surveyed once more the Christian populace: "Oh, the dear drunken people in the streets," she exclaimed, "how I love them!"

The volume, printed, like all Mr. Blunt's recent books, in fine style by the Chiswick Press, is singularly free from errors. But Lord Rendel should be correctly given in a new edition—the spelling "Rendall" belonging, not to the Stuart Rendel of these pages, but to a famous editor in a younger generation.

### A DRY RIVER

*The Historic Thames.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. Coloured Illustrations by A. R. QUINTON. (Dent, 21s. net.)

IT is amazing that of all people in the world Mr. Belloc should have achieved the apparently impossible and should have turned the Thames into a dry river. Recollection of his delightful book upon "The Old Road," the well-trodden Pilgrims' Way from the West Country to Canterbury, caused us to sit down to this latest work of his with pleasurable anticipations, which were, alas, destined to be rudely shattered. Time and again he dubs this volume "notes," and justly so; notes they are and no more than that; a mere skeleton of dry bones, which he could and should have clothed with flesh and blood. Indeed, here lies the essence of his error, he has been overcome and overwhelmed with facts and has left humanity out of count; but history is the story of humanity. To him, at any rate as shown in these pages, the Thames is a mere physical fact. We do not find fault with him for not having indulged in vaporous word-paintings of the beauties of the river, that was not his task; but he is most certainly wrong in setting before us a mere note-book instead of a volume of living, throbbing history such as he is most competent to write. The driest pedant can set forth facts; Mr. Belloc can do that and more, but has disdained to do so. We sincerely trust he will reconsider the matter and rewrite his book.

With all its faults of omission, however, "The Historic Thames" is a thoughtful and stimulating essay—in the strict usage of the word. The Thames as a lovely stream of pleasure has been dealt with almost often enough, but not until now, unless we are mistaken, has any one set forth the place of the Thames in the history of our country, and its connection with the government and wealth of England. In early and semi-mythical days, of which our knowledge is but scant and too often merely conjectural, the Thames gradually grew to importance as a means of travel and also as an obstacle and boundary. Flowing water afforded a safe and easy means of communication to primitive man, and the banks of a navigable stream provided the most convenient place for permanent settlements. As Mr. Belloc puts it:

from the beginning of human activity in this island the whole length of the river has been set with human settlements never far removed one from the other; for the Thames ran through the heart of South England, and wherever its banks were secure from recurrent floods it furnished those who settled on them with three main things which every early village requires: good water, defence, and communication.

The Thames, until roads were perfected and railways introduced, was the great highway of Southern England, and before the era of bridge-building, it was a military

obstacle of first importance, therefore bearing definitely upon political history.

Mr. Belloc justly points out that historians and others are only too ready to overestimate the changes that have taken place during the few recorded centuries of our history; indeed they often assume that there is change where none is; he reminds us that the dangers and difficulties of the dark ages are often overestimated, the population often underestimated and such mistakes made as representing as mere villages towns that have had a municipal life of fifteen hundred years and more. The landscape itself has often changed but little, there are many spots upon the banks of Thames, which a leather-clad, woad-stained Briton would immediately recognise and find but little altered; still more true is this of later days:

you might put a man of the fifteenth century on the water below St. John's Lock, and, until he came to Buscot Lock, he would hardly know that he had passed into a time other than his own. The same steeple of Lechlade would stand as a permanent landmark beyond the fields, and, a long way off, the church of Eaton Hastings, which he had known, show above the trees.

Mr. Belloc deals at considerable length with the religious settlements upon the river banks, and does not minimise the important part they played. It is a pity that neither members of the reformed church nor Catholics are able, as a rule, to view dispassionately the work accomplished by the religious in mediæval times, Mr. Belloc for example taking too rosy a view of their influence upon life and upon history. He seems entirely to forget that the circumstances in which clerics could and did do good work were provided and secured by lay powers; the man of arms rendered possible the tranquil and profitable existence of the man of peace. It is far too sweeping a conclusion to say that

it would have been impossible to re-create a sound agriculture and to re-found the arts and learning; especially would it have been impossible to re-found the study of letters, upon which all material civilisation depends, had it not been for the monastic institutions.

That this institution did accomplish this task after the barbaric era of petty chieftains and small wars is undoubted, but what proof is there that without it the same end would not have been gained by other means? Not only is Mr. Belloc naturally out of sympathy with Henry VIII., but quite unable to take a fair view of the Reformation in England. Whatever that king's private motives may have been and iniquitous as were many of his methods, that he succeeded in sweeping monastic life out of existence is clear proof that he was on the whole acting in accord with the spirit of the time and of the nation; otherwise even if he could have carried through his policy, his work could not have proved lasting. Mr. Belloc also seems to be imbued with the superstition that monastic lands and properties carried with them a curse upon those to whom they were granted or by whom they were seized.

We have said sufficient to show the interest of Mr. Belloc's book, but must repeat our disappointment that he has indicated what he could do rather than actually accomplished it. A small point, were not the women who were slain after Naseby "for no particular reason except that killing was in the air," the "hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tatter'd camp-followers 'with long skean-knives about a foot in length,' which they well know how to use," to whom Carlyle refers and who had probably to be treated like wild cats? But Mr. Belloc loves neither the Cromwells nor the Puritans.

The publishers have made a bad mistake in sending out this volume without maps or plans. No good word can be said of the illustrations; many of them are very badly drawn, such for example as the egregious Streatley Reach, Hampton Court Palace, Zion House and Hampton Church. We do not know who is responsible, the artist or the printer, for the hot and unnatural colouring of too many of the pictures, but fancy that the latter cannot

be absolved. With care and skill very admirable effects result from the three-colour process, but abominable results must come, as in many of these plates, if the printing is not carefully watched, and watched by the artist.

W. T. S.

### SOME THEORIES, FACTS, AND FIGURES IN RESPECT OF ALCOHOL

*Alcohol and the Human Body.* An Introduction to the Study of the Subject by SIR VICTOR HORSLEY, M.D., and MARY D. STURGE, M.D.; with a chapter by ARTHUR NEWSHOLME, M.D. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

THIS book is a sound literary performance and an earnest tract for the times, but we do not see that it can achieve much. We are informed on the title-page that it is only an introduction to the subject, a statement which tends to disarm criticism, for any deficiencies may be removed in a subsequent volume. But even as an introduction it seems to us to fail, for it leaves unanswered the particular question as to the effect of alcohol on the human body with which the world at large is most concerned, namely: Is even the truly moderate user of alcohol endangering himself and the community? We believe that the authors are assured of the reasonableness of the strictest temperance doctrines—to them the moderate drinker must appear a more dangerous character than the drunkard, for the former masquerades as a healthy citizen and obstructs the teetotal cause by his respectability, while the drunkard has his preventive value as a helot. But although Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge marshal great scientific knowledge and sane facts on their side, they do not supply any new arguments which should convert a really thoughtful man to the extremes of temperance views. That part of their teaching which cannot be contested has been said before, and the rest is a set of opinions against some of which much authority might be quoted. It is presumably to the moderate drinker that the book is directed, at any rate it cannot be meant for the instruction of fanatics or idiots. Those who see in any use of alcohol, whatever the circumstances, a grave error in sociology, or a sad default in morals need no further arguments in support of temperance doctrines. Those who think that excessive drinking does no harm either to the individual sot or to his environment, conduct their lives on a plane where arguments are wasted; and they form nowadays so small a body of our citizens that the music-halls have ceased to cater for them, and their exploits go unchronicled in the sporting press. There remain those who hold that a judicious use of alcohol, where the right indications are present, has its advantages and its pleasures, and this important section of the population will not find anything in the message of Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge to compel them to alter their sentiment.

But the manner in which this message is delivered is excellent and the general information disseminated may do great good. The section, for example, dealing with the coarse and minute structure of the nervous system merits high praise. Here the authors have treated an intricate and technical subject, sadly though perhaps necessarily obscured by a cumbrous vocabulary, with simplicity and clearness, so that those who have no previous knowledge of such matters can understand the way in which the most important processes of the human body are conducted, and can get an idea of the work of scientific men in the interesting borderland of psycho-physiology. As we read these portions of the book we learn to respect the efforts of modern physiology for the advancement of humanity (and no one has made more brilliantly successful efforts than Sir Victor Horsley), while we can appreciate the prompt way in which medicine, re-born under Pasteur, Lister, Metchnikoff and Virchow, has seized on



the various discoveries of these philosophers and directed them to our physical good. But when the authors come to particular pathology, when they essay to prove the extent to which alcohol influences for ill our intellectual processes, our emotions, and our tissues, they are no longer speaking with certainty. They do not lose their clearness, but they can be contradicted by those who hold other views, and of these there are many. It is a fact that an appalling array of diseases is caused by immoderate drinking—acute poisoning, insanity, epileptoid seizures and paralysis; and it is a fact that crime, immorality and every horror, physical and moral, attend the drunkard on his way through the world; but we are as yet without exact information to show that the really moderate use of alcohol conduces to any of these things, or causes other pathological conditions, or exaggerates such conditions when they arise from independent origin. The authors of "Alcohol and the Human Body" do not convince us that such a use of alcohol has the deteriorating effect upon the tissues or upon the intellectual processes which they believe it has; and although the medical profession are considerably revising their views on the employment of stimulants in disease, it is not taught in our medical schools, that the sinister outlook which Sir Victor Horsley and Miss Sturge appear to predict, awaits with any likelihood the moderate drinker. And by the way, what is a moderate drinker? At least one of the observers whose experiments are quoted in this book is over liberal in his idea, and the perils of the temperate man must not be assumed because of the disabilities exhibited by a subject of experiment to whom the doses of alcohol administered have not been genuinely small. The statistics added by Dr. Newsholme form a better warrant than the pathological details for regarding the use of alcohol by temperate men as perilous, but they are suggestive only and not impeccable. The figures of Life Assurance Societies are, for example, quoted to show what they do not show—the prospect of life of the moderate drinker. Life Assurance Societies know only of abstainers and non-abstainers, with the result that when the chances of one class are pitted against the chances of the other the non-abstainers bear the burden of the gross sins of the drunkards, a fact which considerably damages the prospects of the moderate drinker—on paper.

So far as the object of the writers has been to persuade the thinking public to adopt strict teetotal principles by giving a scientific demonstration that in this direction, and this only, lies safety, the work must be held a failure. They prove the proven eloquently, though the opening tragedy in "Alice for Short" is really a more effective sermon against the evils of drink than any exact treatise can hope to be. But they do not give the really moderate user of alcohol any reason to suppose that he stands in danger of physical and moral wreck, or of the loss of "the abstract ideals of the duties of citizenship."

#### BEAST AND MAN

*Eclipse and O'Kelly.* By THEODORE ANDREA COOK. (Heinemann, 21s.)

MUCH honour is shown to the racehorse. His health is looked after with as much science and attention as that of a hypochondriacal millionaire. The events of his daily life are recorded in the "training reports" of the sporting papers as carefully as though he were a royalty, and are read eagerly by hundreds of thousands. People who have won money by his exertions grow sentimental in their enthusiasm for him. Very seldom, however, has any individual racehorse had such a fine compliment paid him as this book of Mr. Theodore Cook's. Everything that could possibly be found out concerning Eclipse, his ancestors, his birth and education, his achievements, his appearance and measurements, the fate of his skin and

his hoofs and his skeleton, his descendants and what they in turn have accomplished—it is all set down. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the other subject, Eclipse's owner. The book is a monument of thoroughness—also of energy. For everybody knows that Mr. Cook is not a writer of unlimited leisure, and there is internal evidence that the work has taken him a comparatively short time. I can only say that it would have occupied my powers of work exclusively for about twenty years. This, however, though a real and sincere tribute, is not perhaps that which an author loves best, and I hasten to add that from beginning to end the book is excellent reading, practical, entertaining and suggestive.

I must set down some of the more salient facts about these two personages, the great horse and his owner, and will begin with the finer animal. Eclipse was born in 1764, the son of Marske and Spiletta. His excellence shows a happy combination, the right mixture, arrived at in a way by chance, of the Eastern and native English strains: on this subject Mr. Cook is learned and convincing, but it is too intricate and technical to be examined here. There have been as many claimants to the honour of his birth-place as to that of Homer, but it is finally established that he was born in the paddock near Cranborne Tower at Windsor, the property of the most famous Duke of Cumberland, the son of George the Second. He was a chestnut with a white face, and the off hindleg white from hock to fetlock joint; his height, I gather, is a matter of dispute, but he was certainly a big racer for his day, though now, the breed having grown considerably, he would not be thought so. He was a perfectly proportioned animal, but had not an especially good head. All that is borne out by the many portraits of him reproduced here, the best of course by Stubbs. He was acquired by one Wildman, a meat salesman and grazier, and had an upbringing very different from his descendants to-day, being sent to a roughrider who rode him all day and sometimes took him poaching all night. It was all one to Eclipse, who could do anything and everything for ever. The question, by the way, of the comparative merits of racers then and now is an interesting one. The old story that Eclipse ran a mile in a minute is a mere old story. On the contrary, the modern racehorse, who could not do that time, is a faster animal, as Mr. Cook and I believe all other authorities hold, up to two miles or so at least. The question is of endurance, and it is generally held that in this there has been deterioration; yet the Grand National course is over four miles, with thirty big jumps in it, and it is done in nine minutes and a half or so. It is certain however, that Eclipse's weight of eleven or twelve stone, over four miles, would be impossible to almost every horse in training now.

With the beginning of Eclipse's racing career O'Kelly comes upon the scene. Mr. Cook has done much to give that sportsman a fair appearance. The old idea was that O'Kelly was simply a vulgar ruffian, who came from the gutter and made a fortune by malpractices. Mr. Cook shows that he came of decent Irish stock, which intermarried with other decent stock; that although the Jockey Club would not have him he lived more or less in good company; that he had virtues of hospitality and kindness. He could not have made much over Eclipse's racing—he made twenty-five thousand pounds by him at the stud—which only lasted two years and involved laying odds on, of anything up to a hundred to one. It is entirely to his credit that no attempt was made to cause Eclipse to lose a race with sinister intention: my own opinion, under Mr. Cook's correction, is that Eclipse would not have permitted it. The picture of O'Kelly which Mr. Cook has had enlarged from a cameo, shows a somewhat coarse and brutal, but by no means a vulgar face. Still, I do not think O'Kelly emerges as a very fine sort of person. The fact remains that beginning in indigence he made a fortune by gambling. Very like he did not cheat; cheats seldom come to fortune; but he must have played his game with every advantage he

could take. Mr. Cook thinks that Eclipse had a good influence on him. I hope it was so: it is a pretty fancy. I confess I have not observed this good moral influence of horses on those associated with them. His nephew and heir—they were both militia colonels and are often confused—was a more respectable, I daresay no more worthy, person.

To resume—but it is idle to resume. I cannot select a hundredth part of the interesting facts and stories in the book. Possibly some of my readers do not know that the famous phrase, "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," was not metaphorical, but severely technical: it meant that the rest were unplaced because beaten by over two hundred yards, and O'Kelly won a big bet over it. Then there is the historical house of Cannons, which O'Kelly bought, and his mistress, Charlotte Hayes, and his famous parrot which sang tunes and went back if it got a bar wrong, and his parties where dukes and blacklegs commingled—cards being wisely prohibited—and heaps of other people and things. With them all the serious purpose of the work, the examination of racing stock, is never lost sight of, and I note that Mr. Cook complains with reason of the neglect by "Science" of the uniquely long and accurately recorded experiments in breeding it has here to its hand. Lastly the pictures are a joy, and if you tire of innumerable horses there is a portrait by Mr. Nicholson and a caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

G. S. STREET.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*The Savage Club.* By AARON WATSON. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

BOHEMIA is not quite its old self, for while chronic impecuniosity is still one of its features, its impecuniosity is not so fascinatingly complete as it was a half a century ago. Then were the days when Andrew Halliday was proud to write a leader in the *Morning Advertiser* for ten shillings, and when a theatrical manager said to William Brough, "Well, we have sometimes given as much as five pounds for a farce." Distinguished journalists did not then drive up to the Savage Club in motor-cars, and popular novelists did not inhabit island fortresses.

But in spite of the changes that have come over the land we need not therefore assume that Bohemianism is dead. As Mr. Aaron Watson says, "Bohemianism is not a gipsy style of living, but a temperament; not carelessness of dress or disregard of nicenesses at meal-times, but an atmosphere," and there are as good Bohemians to be met with nowadays arrayed in evening dress as there were in the smoky back rooms in which the early "Savages" were to be found cooking their own chops over the fireplace. Such, at any rate, is Mr. Aaron Watson's contention, and it is only those who have adopted hackneyed and erroneous notions of Bohemianism who will venture to deny it.

There was little need for Mr. Watson to be so apologetic in his preface to his history of the Savage Club, for he had capital matter at his command, and has proved himself quite capable of dealing with it. He rightly calls his compilation a medley of History, Anecdote and Reminiscence, and his three hundred pages are crowded with glimpses into the lives of men whose names are familiar to everybody. While snapping up many hitherto unconsidered trifles in the history of the interesting dead, he has succeeded in avoiding the entirely trivial, a discrimination all too rare in writers of books of this class.

It is strange that authorities should differ on the origin of the existence and of the name of a club only fifty years old, but they do, and Mr. Watson carefully sifts the rival versions, and then conducts us along the track of the wanderings of the "Savages," making us acquainted on the way with a host of old-time members and their varied idiosyncrasies. We are put at once on intimate terms with such men as the Broughs, Thackeray, G. A. Sala,

J. L. Toole, Tom Robertson, Jeffery Prowse, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and, amongst those of a later day, James Hannay, Phil May and E. J. Odell. Good stories abound, and the illustrations, about eighty in number, are of decided interest, especially in the case of a reproduction in colour of a lightning sketch of Irving as Mephistopheles drawn by Phil May after a Saturday night house-dinner.

There be those who refuse to agree that the Savage Club is entitled to the position in the world of art and letters which some of its champions claim as its due, but this volume proves, at any rate, that it has been the haunt of many of the brightest lights of the past half-century and that its history was well worth the writing.

A short chapter contributed by Mark Twain is of especial interest at this moment.

*London Topographical Record.* Illustrated. Including the Seventh Annual Report of the London Topographical Society. Vol. iv. (Office of the Society.)

THE object of the London Topographical Society is the publication of material illustrating the history and topography of the City and County of London from the earliest times to the present day. Perhaps that phase of the Society's work which consists in the reproduction of maps and plans of the capital is more useful for official purposes than for the individual. Some of their previous publications are maps so large and cumbrous as must tax the resources of storage for the occupants of private houses. This objection, however, does not apply to the present volume, which records in a compact form much valuable information. The bulk of the book is occupied by an instalment in continuation of Mr. Hilton Price's "Signs of Old London," eighty-five pages dealing with Cheapside, Poultry and the adjacent streets. The volume opens with the vice-presidential address at the Society's seventh annual meeting by Mr. Philip Norman. This is in effect as complete and succinct an account of the history and remains of London Wall as was available up to date of publication. Since the report was in type, however, fresh discovery has been made of part of a bastion, believed to be of Roman work, with a fragment of sculptured fluting in stonework, built into the wall by way of subsequent repair. Not least useful among the Society's activities is the keeping a record year by year of demolitions and topographical changes. Volume iv. contains some illustrations, plans and descriptions of Vanburgh Castle and House, both erected about the year 1717 in Blackheath. As to the city itself, considering the enormous extent of the Great Fire in 1666, which destroyed no less than eighty-seven parochial churches, beside St. Paul's Cathedral, and devastated an area of four hundred and thirty-six acres, it is not surprising if very little worth preserving is left. But for that very reason whatever of beautiful has survived is, like the Sibylline books, all the more precious for its rarity's sake, and ought to be preserved with most scrupulous care. Why is it that when jaded with the ennui of overwork or idleness thousands of Englishmen spend their holidays across the Channel, unless it be because we have already destroyed so much that to escape from our dreary wilderness of bricks and mortar, we are obliged to migrate to other lands where the inhabitants have been less reckless than ourselves of the bounty of the past? In other words the possession of public works of art is no negligible quantity but a real attraction and a property whose value is not to be underrated. Nay, it is of the nature of a commercial asset, not incapable of enhancing even the tremendous privilege of existence under the ægis of the Union Jack.

*Sir William Beechey, R.A.* By W. ROBERTS. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

RESTRAINING himself, wisely perhaps, from any attempt to analyse the merits or demerits of Beechey's works, Mr. Roberts has taken upon himself "the less ambitious



but . . . more permanently useful office of chronicler." He succeeds, however, in conveying, with the help of his illustrations, the impression of a capable craftsman whose honest if not brilliant work was overshadowed by the genius of his contemporaries. His longevity is not the least remarkable feature of his career, for he outlived not only his seniors, Reynolds and Gainsborough, but his junior Lawrence, and linked the great portrait-painters with the great landscapists Crome, Constable and Turner. The task of tracing out the identity of Beechey's sitters, which included most of the celebrities of his time, has been pursued by Mr. Roberts with most patient industry and he has unearthed a mass of information of great value to future biographers. He sifts out carefully different versions of the same period of the artist's life, and gives the evidence in their favour without insisting on the acceptance of one or the other. His chapter reproducing Beechey's account books, and his appendix of pictures of the Beechey family, are instances of his zeal for collecting facts, and though it may be questioned whether the subject is of sufficient artistic interest to warrant its inclusion in Messrs. Duckworth's "Red" series, the book was well worth publishing for its information not only about Beechey but about many of his distinguished contemporaries.

*Leaders of the Church. Dr. Pusey.* By G. W. E. RUSSELL.  
*Frederick Denison Maurice.* By C. F. G. MASTERMAN.  
(Mowbray, 3s. 6d. each.)

THESE are the first two volumes of a new series under the editorship of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, on "Leaders of the Church" during the nineteenth century. The distinguishing idea of the series is that all the lives are to be written by laymen, the object being to set forth the impressions produced on the minds of devout and interested lay-people by the characters and careers of some great ecclesiastics. The peculiar virtue of the English priesthood has always been as Cardinal Manning observed, its "interest in public affairs, in the politics and welfare of the country." Mr. Russell, in his preface to the series, expresses the hope that the volumes may stimulate and encourage this interest. The volume on Dr. Pusey, which he has contributed, is a very excellent example of what the series should be. It is an appreciation written by a man who thoroughly understands and sympathises with the life and ideals of Dr. Pusey. Denounced by the bishops, forbidden to preach at the university, accused of treachery on all sides, Pusey held unwaveringly to his course until the end. He lived to see the principles for which he fought not merely tolerated, but triumphant. Pusey's life combined all the elements of moral grandeur—"an absolute and calculated devotion to a sacred cause, a child-like simplicity, and a courage which grew more buoyant as the battle thickened."

Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has not so sympathetic a task in writing of F. D. Maurice. The biographer feels it necessary to explain away Maurice's undoubted Protestantism. Mr. Masterman may be correct in his assertion that Maurice was never a "Protestant" if he is using that odious term in the sense in which recently it has come to stink in the nostrils of decent men as the catchword of a noisy and disreputable band. But that Maurice himself made use of the word and that his theological tendencies were "Protestant" there can be no doubt. Mr. Masterman is rightly eulogistic of Maurice's work and personal character. With Kingsley he initiated the social movement which is being carried on to-day by men like Canon Scott Holland and Dr. Gore. Maurice's work was, as Mr. Masterman observes, "charged with a lofty purpose and enduring insight which will give it a permanent position in the history of the thought of our age." Maurice may be described as a practical mystic. He was a man of huge energy, his conceptions were wide and lofty. He had the power of producing enthusiasm among his fellows which is characteristic of the prophet

and the pioneer. But is not Mr. Masterman going too far when he pronounces him "the greatest thinker of the English Church in the nineteenth century"?

*King Arthur.* By FRANCIS COUTTS. (Lane, 5s.)

MR. COUTTS has forsaken his satirical vein and given us yet another versification of Malory. It is in blank verse, and is partly dramatic, partly narrative. There is some vigour in the scene where Nivian shuts Merlin in the rock, and the blank verse runs in paragraphs and not in single lines like so much modern work of the sort. But the whole work is undistinguished and dull. It is all padded out. For instance, when the boy Arthur wants to tell Kay that he will enjoy tournaments when he is older, that is not enough for your blank verse playwright:

I see it all : the lists, the ladies' robes,  
The king high-seated, and the armour flashing,

and so forth, till we are entirely taken away from the dramatic situation by a worthless little word-picture. And the dire necessity of making things long enough leads Mr. Coutts into the dullest similes:

All was still  
Except the sea, that, like an outcast, driven  
Beyond the city gates, who moans and beats  
The bars forbidding, beat the rocks and moaned.  
But soon a whisper, like a shudder, ran  
From host to host . . .

How is our conception of his insistent ocean improved by the clumsy introduction of the Outcast? As for the simile that so relentlessly follows on, that of the shudder-like whisper, it reminds us of the great line from Dr. Lambkin's "Newdigate":

Like mighty hills Britannia's mountains rise,

If Mr. Coutts had remembered that the only two long poems in the last century, or we might almost say since the death of Milton, that have exhibited a mastery of blank verse are the "Cenci" and "Hyperion"—that even "Chastelard" and "The Passing of Arthur" are not quite successful—he might have been more reluctant to write a long poem in this exceptionally difficult metre.

## POETRY AND PASSION

A WEEK or two ago I saw a paragraph in some provincial paper in which it was remarked that the ACADEMY was apparently cultivating "the minor poet," "we have not however," the writer of the paragraph went on to say, "seen any signs of a new poet at present." I quote the words of the anonymous writer from memory, and the press-cutting which contained them having long since been consigned to the waste-paper basket, I am not even able to recall the name of the journal which gave them currency. They were so typical, however, of the sort of thing that is so often said about poetry by the average person, that the sense of them remained in my memory. The assumption that if a "new poet" had been discovered or had revealed himself in the ACADEMY the writer in the *Little Piddlington Gazette*, or whatever the journal was, would, of course, have immediately recognised and crowned him with his approval, is really delicious in its *naïveté*. During the whole course of a life which has largely been spent directly and indirectly in literary pursuits and among literary and intellectual people, I can truthfully say that I have not met more than about half a dozen people whose judgment of poetry was worth the proverbial two pins. The idea, therefore, that a poor little penny-a-liner of the provinces should venture, on the strength of that importance which is given to the uncultivated and the uneducated by the use of the journalistic "we," to suppose that he would of course recognise good poetry directly he saw it, strikes me as being a peculiarly rich one.

But, *mon pauvre monsieur*, if Shakespeare re-incarnated came to the ACADEMY and offered it fifty new sonnets, and if those fifty new sonnets appeared (as they would appear) week by week in the ACADEMY, do you suppose that you would be conscious that they were any different from any other poetry that you might or might not read in the daily or weekly papers? I can assure you that you would not, and that after reading the fiftieth of those sonnets, you would have written the silly little paragraph (par. you would call it) that I have endeavoured to quote, with exactly the same gusto and self-satisfaction and pride in your immaculate good taste as you felt three weeks ago when you penned it in Little Piddlington. I would not wish to make invidious distinctions between London and the Provinces; everything I have said applies in an equal degree to the London papers. There may be, and in fact I have not the least doubt there are, hundreds of people in London and in the provinces who are real judges of poetry. All I maintain is that I have never met them and that they are not connected with newspapers either daily or weekly. It is quite true that one occasionally sees a good poem in one or other of the weekly papers, one also sees in the same papers poems that are shockingly bad; it is only by a chance and by the working of the law of averages that the good poem sometimes gets printed.

That there are thousands of people in England who really love poetry I should not be disposed to deny, any more than I should deny that there are thousands of people in England who love music. But how many people are there who only love *good* poetry and only love *good* music? Very few indeed I think. The measure of one's love for good poetry and for good music is the hatred, the violent hatred, one feels for bad poetry and bad music. I couple poetry and music together because they have this in common that each, to the true lover and judge of them, appeals through the intellect to the emotions; but as I am dealing with poetry I will leave the question of music lest it should drag me into side issues. I say then that, to the true lover and critic of poetry, the appeal is through the intellect to the emotions. There are very few people who realise this and consequently are able to control their emotions to the extent of being quite certain at once whether poetry is good or bad. To nearly all people the appeal of poetry is through the emotions to the emotions, through the emotions to sentiment, through sentiment to sentiment. These people can never be real judges of poetry. Sometimes, indeed, they have a wonderful instinct, which, when combined with an impeccable taste in all other departments of life, will enable them to be astonishingly right nine times out of ten. But the tenth time they will come to frightful grief. They will suddenly announce that a mere commonplace piece of pretty sentimentality is a really beautiful and wonderful poem, or they will take a subtle and superb piece of manipulation of words done by the brain of a master of form and, because they don't like it, will pronounce it to be bad poetry. It is so hard to learn that because one does not like a thing it is not necessarily bad.

My other proposition is that critical appreciation of fine poetry, and here I may include all fine literature, is measured by the hatred that one feels to bad poetry and bad literature. The sphere of poetry and literature is an arena, a battle-field; if the good in them is to prevail over the bad there must be a constant struggle. If you really love literature with all your heart and soul you cannot sit still and do nothing, or merely adopt a superior attitude of sweet tolerance. You must fight, and to fight to any purpose you must be stirred with rage. Every day horrors are perpetrated in the name of poetry and literature, every day adds to the vast pile of literary garbage which is cast forth on to the world. Every day the hydra-heads of humbug, cant, hypocrisy, charlatanry, false sentiment, and sham pathos

rear their horrid shapes. Nothing but rage, the rage of the man who sees his beloved about to be defiled, his darling given over to the power of the dog, can provide the strength which can prevail against them.

A. D.

### "A GREEN GOOSE AND A HERO"

As a biographer James Boswell\* was a hero, as a man he was a green goose; it is almost an insult to intelligence that so pompous, empty—except when drunk, which was frequently the case—and foolish a fellow should have achieved the greatest biography that the republic of letters has as yet produced. But as Gray said, "any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity." The good chance for Boswell, and for us, and for all time, was that he selected Doctor Johnson for his truth-telling and tale-bearing. To Bozzy the world owes Johnson as a living figure just as much as Bozzy owes his fame to Johnson. Fame! Is it a fame after which many men would hanker? To go down to the ages as a curious impertinent, a bore of the first water, a conceited lickspittle, and not a little of a cad?

What touch of divine genius was it that enabled Boswell to write his immortal work? He was an inspired reporter. He did not possess that faculty of selection which makes the artist; all that he saw and heard he set down with veracity. He was a spy, whose reports were minute and accurate. From quite early days he exhibited his gift; when visiting Paoli in Corsica, during his grand tour, Bozzy raised not unnatural suspicions of his intent:

He came to my country sudden [said Paoli]. . . . And I supposed, in my *mente*, he was in the privacy one espy; for I look away from him to my other companions, and when I look back to him I behold it in his hands his tablet, and one pencil. O, he was at work, I give it you my honour, of writing down all what I say. . . . But soon I found out I was myself the monster he came to observe.

There is another example in English literature of immortality having been gained by a writer of no literary ability and with precisely the same gift. The difference between Pepys and Boswell is that the latter spied upon others while the former spied upon himself. The likeness between the two in their methods of record is striking; no detail is too minute for them to observe, nor does any sense of shame hinder them from exposing their folly and meanness—for it cannot be held that Pepys intended his Diary for his own eye only; they both tell us with veracity what they saw and heard.

Of the many methods of biography there can be little question that Bozzy's is the best, the method of the reporter. But he did not know Johnson as we know him, any more than he knew Reynolds, or Goldsmith, or Burke. He saw and heard them, and then set down minutely what he had seen and heard; when he did venture upon comment or criticism it was either banal or wrong. He loved to know and be near the great; Johnson was the greatest man—in his opinion—to whom he could come close; had he been able to see Goldsmith or Burke with the eyes of latter days, had he set either of them upon paper as he has done Johnson, his fame and our good fortune would be even greater than now it is.

It requires a man of low intelligence and thick skin to carry through such a task as Bozzy set himself; so long as he was with the well known, so long as he could see and hear, and occasionally be seen and heard, no rebuke, snub or rebuff really hurt him. His spirit was so petty and mean as to amount to want of spirit; of pride he had no notion. In character as well as in accomplishment he was like Pepys; he was a little man who ran after the great; he was busy all his life over littlenesses; he found in petticoats and the bottle irresistible temptation; he

\* Boswell died June 19, 1795.



was for ever forming good resolutions which for ever came to a bad end; he neglected his wife who was more than worthy of him; in himself insignificant, he has earned undying gratitude by adding greatly to our knowledge of human nature through telling shamelessly the truth about himself; no other "human documents" can compare for outspokenness with Pepys's Diary and Boswell's Letters to Temple. Singularly enough, both these records lay lost for many a long year; the Diary in cypher and a college library, the Letters narrowly escaping destruction by being used as wrappings for parcels in a Boulogne shop. If ever any writer compiles a Literary Plutarch, he will find delightful material in the lives and writings of Pepys and Boswell.

Bozzy once for all proved, if proof were needed, that a biography can only be well and truly written by one who has known the subject of it. In the art of painting it is the same; a picture of bygone days can only be an effort of the imagination based on incomplete knowledge; it may be beautiful, but no man can say whether it is true or untrue. The artist who sets truly upon canvas the history of his own day, the things that he has seen—his work will live because of its truth. How few so-called "historical" pictures are more than curiosities of conjecture. The facts of a man's life we can discover even when he has been long dead, but his personality can be known only to those who have seen and heard him. The few glimpses we have in Boswell of Goldsmith, warped as was his vision of him, in so far as they bring us into touch with the living man are worth all the pages of Forster, whose biography of Charles Dickens, on the other hand, despite its dull defects is treasurable.

As one closes the pages of Boswell's Johnson, two emotions are uppermost in the mind; gratitude to poor, despicable Bozzy, and a longing that the world had had more men of his gift. Had his like been by the side of Shakespeare, Lamb, Beaconsfield! As we are on this fascinating path of conjecture—who shall say that one day there will not come to light the Diary of some Elizabethan Pepys or the record by some Elizabethan Bozzy, who was a nimble shadow to Shakespeare?

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

## THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA CONSOLAZIONE AT TODI, ITALY

LIKE many other writers I find Mr. Edward Hutton pays due tribute in his book (1904) on the "Cities of Umbria" to this noble church of which I wrote in the *ACADEMY* twenty-one years ago from Montefalco. But alas! imitating so many others, starting with Vasari, he attributes what he calls truly one of the "loveliest Churches of the Renaissance in Italy" to Bramante or Cola di Matteo. If only he had first turned to the *ACADEMY* of October 16, 1886, he might have spared himself the luxury of such a doubt. Again I emphatically demonstrated this error, shared by all the flock of guide-books, in another long letter given in the *ACADEMY* of November 19, 1886, and as a copy is not always easily procurable, I will here, with your permission, write a rapid synopsis of it.

Count Leonij claimed the design for San Gallo the younger, attempting, as well as he could, to dispel the widespread misunderstanding so long prevalent. Unhappily he lay dying of a mortal illness during my visit to Todi, and I lost my opportunity of consulting this eminent authority, the learned archivist of the ancient city. I found a whole array of witnesses swearing falsely in favour of the gregarious guide-book statement that Bramante was the real architect of the church, and absolutely silent on the claim of San Gallo; indeed, if books alone were to be relied on, I must have given up

hope of establishing the right of San Gallo to the honour of constructing the design of this admirable church.

Vasari was the first writer responsible for the leading a crowd of blind followers astray. He vaguely asserts that the exterior was by Bramante, and the interior by Cola di Matteo da Caprarola. Several encyclopædias, as well as that valuable periodical the "*Archivio Storico Italiano*" repeat trustingly his very words.

Even my learned old friend and companion Adamo Rossi, the archivist and librarian of Perugia, whose death I sorrowfully narrated in the *Athenæum* of March 1891, steered cautiously, but dangerously near the old error; missing the name of the correct architect, although he was always so careful to build his facts on the solid foundation of original documentary evidence. In my letter (1886) I was rejoiced to dissipate the reigning fiction of the supposititious designer of the church, and to be enabled to restore it to its rightful maker.

After very many and fruitless researches in Florence for the original plan, said to have been seen and forgotten by Count Leonij of Todi, I was enabled to supply the missing trace, and in my letter I appended translation of a certificate of origin signed by Signor N. Ferri, keeper of the prints in the Uffizi Gallery, which proved that San Gallo, and he only, was the true architect of "Santa Maria della Consolazione di Todi." It states that the drawing, No. 731, described as "Planta della Madonna di Todi," was by San Gallo the younger, containing autographs, together with various other infallible characteristic words and signs by him. (See index, p. 221, of "*Civil and Military Designs*," compiled by N. Ferri in 1885.)

Surely error long familiarised dies hard, and I hoped, vainly as it appears from Mr. Hutton's book, that no future writer could attempt to perpetuate this cardinal blunder since its correction twenty years ago in the *ACADEMY*.

Before I conclude this revived record of mine, let me say I have referred to Basilio Magni's "*Storia dell'Arte Italiana*," a work in three volumes of inestimable value, which has found a solitary position in the British Museum, and only lately a copy of it has been offered to me by a friend of the author for perusal. The 1901 edition is exhausted, and a new one is in preparation immediately. I believe it has hitherto passed without recognition in England, and I quote it here; sure that the learned author accepts nothing as fact on Italian art, which he has not proven himself from original sources. At page 329, vol. ii., Magni writes: "The Church of the Consolation at Todi, isolated, with four demicupolas, in form of a Greek cross, and with a big cupola in the centre, rising with extreme elegance, has been falsely attributed to Bramante." The Archives of Todi show "that it was first founded by Cola di Matteo in 1508, and completed in 1608." He goes on to suggest, however, San Gallo as the author of the first design. Different architects, but not Bramante among them, are glanced at during the century 1508-1608 which elapsed, according to their successive periods of activity.

I trust that this history will not be accounted too antiquated or prolix by your readers, and be considered final.

WILLIAM MERCER.

## A PLEA FOR GUSTO

MONSIEUR JULES DOUADY has recently published (with Messrs. Hachette) a "*Vie de William Hazlitt l'essayiste*"; and a small but valuable critical work, "*Liste Chronologique des Oeuvres de William Hazlitt*," which English students may use (with caution) in their study of Mr. A. R. Waller's fine complete edition of the essayist. The latter only, so far as we can discover, is an academic *thèse*. The former is published for no reason but the author's admiration for Hazlitt and his desire to make the circumstances of "The Round Table," "The Plain Speaker," and the other essays known to his country-

men. It is pleasant to think that Hazlitt is coming to be appreciated in France. Impressionism in painting the French borrowed of us with eagerness and developed with rapidity: impressionism in criticism they have taken much longer to assimilate. To this day they consider St. Evremond (one of their greatest critics and almost the founder of their criticism) as too much at the mercy of his own feelings and impulses; and in the feelings and impulses of M. Anatole France, his literary successor, there is nothing to shock even a critical MacQuedy. Criticism of this kind, in fact, has always come second or third in the affections of the French; and the clearer-minded among them must be tempted to this day to think Hazlitt a "drunken savage." So little learning, so little care for strict form, so much passion and enthusiasm, so much prejudice, so little logic, a flame so cloudy at times, so fierce at others, always so far from being hard and gem-like—Hazlitt's qualities must indeed be difficult of acceptance, and his force and value at first sight obscure to the representatives of clarity, form and moderation in literature.

If the truth were told, we ourselves stand in as much need of Hazlitt's influence as they for whom M. Douady writes, and his book contains as many lessons for us as for the most pedantic formalist alive. Criticism of Hazlitt's kind does not call for wide knowledge or profound scholarship; it can be usefully exercised without even a very delicately sensitive mind; but two things it must have, enthusiasm and courage. How much of these qualities are to be found in modern English criticism, any one may decide who reads it. It is beyond our present purpose to discuss a state of things in which writer after writer is frightened by a name; in which scorn is poured on anything that leaves the beaten track of commonplace and respectability and no one has the courage for a frontal attack on the Philistine.

Hazlitt was born under the blighting influence of a small nonconformist community, an influence which, exerted elsewhere, had already crushed the spirit and nullified the ability of his father. By his own qualities of mind and temper he broke away from that influence, and his whole life was directed by the passionate desire to be himself and not the slave of a clique or a catchword. It was not his fault so much as his misfortune that his view of the nature of freedom should be distorted. The French Revolution, that superb blunder, distorted nearly every one's view of freedom. Men sought it in political measures: it became a matter of votes and party badges, and Hazlitt, who was no logician and a poor philosopher, clung with pathetic fidelity to "reforms" and political "principles." They warped his judgment; they even interfered with his feeling for literature. His passionate loyalty blinded him for a time to the immense importance of the move made by Wordsworth, away from the spurious freedom of the politician to the genuine freedom of the man who is master of his soul. Yet, even so, there were compensations. Blind faith is often its own reward; and the reasoning, founded on false premises and proceeding illogically to inadmissible conclusions, which declared Napoleon a development, not a denial of the Revolution, and the champion, not the foe, of the spurious kind of freedom, at least allowed Hazlitt to cherish one of the most generous and inspiring of his enthusiasms. Meanwhile, he was in his own way fighting tooth and nail for the real freedom; in his tempestuous, almost Bacchic, enjoyment of all that was good and great in life and art; in the confusion of the Puritans and the assertion by all means, reputable or disreputable, of his own nature. It was, again, the fault of his age, not of himself, that that assertion included too much drink; and for the story of the "Liber Amoris"—where is the idealist, and the fighting idealist, who has not been tripped in his time by some such sort of vermin as Sarah Walker?

It is in Hazlitt's greed for feeling and emotion, his passionate association of his own right to enjoy, that his value lies for the present bloodless age, which has allowed

the nonconformist conscience to play the tyrant once more, and in a new realm. Who can praise now as Hazlitt praised? Who has such wide interests, such generous enthusiasm? A tennis-player, a bottle of wine, a book, a friendship—all rouse him to a fury of that noble "gusto" of his. And when he is angry, when he turns to rend, there is a science in his frenzy that makes it almost horrible. There is no one now who could write a "Letter to William Gifford Esq."; yet there are one or two Giffords who would be the better for it.

Bluster is not force, and Hazlitt never confused the two. There is all the difference between the glowing prose heated by his enthusiasm and the slaving of the modern sycophant. For Hazlitt was himself of the giants, and could meet the giants on their own level to embrace or to attack. And in saying that we stand in need of Hazlitt's "gusto" I am not, I trust, tempting any one to imitate his manner who has not its foundation. Even our timidity and our respectability are better than gush. But one might be permitted to plead for a little more of his valiant directness of speech, his courage, his scorn of the censure of his enemies; and for some effort to attain to the depth and force of his love for what is good and great in literature, without regard for the opinion of that conscience which, since Hazlitt's day, has invaded even the realm of letters and set up its three or four little usurpers to rule a domain which must continue to be bitterly hostile at heart.

It is, of course, to the common run of our criticism that these remarks apply. In the higher walks we are well served by our own scholars. We cannot, it is true, study Ferdinand Brunetière too closely. His wholesome Catholic order, his lucidity, his care for accuracy and historical truth in mapping out literature; these are qualities which, if his fine taste and learning be unattainable, would be worth the imitation of the glib pedants of Polytechnic and High School who have caught nothing from him but the talk of "tendencies" and "periods" with which they befog the study of letters. "A passionate pedant," Brunetière has lately been called by a contemporary, and we can admit the phrase to be admirable. But the secret of Brunetière's strength lies in the passion, not the pedantry. The very opposite of Hazlitt, who was a child of the "romantic" and a worshipper of the individual genius, Brunetière shared with him at least the passion for letters. And when pedantry can lead to such results as may be found in the first part of the latest volume of the "Etudes Critiques" (Hachette) we can only regret that there is not more of it. A study of the text of Montaigne leads to surprising conclusions about Montaigne himself; and a question of editions leads on to the overthrow of some pet misconceptions that one critic has borrowed from another for generations.

Still, we have no lack of scholars of our own; and scholars, fortunately, are people who work on undisturbed by the clamorous fashions of the moment or the edicts of the little usurpers.

H. C.

## A VANISHING ART

IN the days of Porpora (who probably was the first singing master of eminence) the art of *il bel canto* was understood by the teacher and practised by the pupil. To-day, however, there are comparatively few masters who are capable of imparting sound instruction. Nor are there now many singers whose performance suggests that they have studied in that famous school, so that the art may well be called a vanishing art. The "sopranists" Farinelli and Cafarelli, it is said, could sing a Handelian run with extraordinary ease and elegance, besides executing the shake, *appoggiatura*, and the turn in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired. These carried on the traditions of Porpora, and, many years later, the father of the late Manuel Garcia sang the part of



Almaviva (*Il Barbiere*) as few of his successors have sung it. Pasta—the Norma of immortal memory—was noted for her wonderful *fioritura* and for her *legato*. Rubini, in *I Puritani*, employed his voice in a manner to which scarcely any modern tenor seems able to attain; and both Malibran and Persiani (whose rendering of the "mad scene" in *Lucia di Lammermoor* once delighted all musical London) were stars of the first magnitude. In the early part of the last century, Lablache's flexibility of voice entranced his hearers. Mario, Grisi and Delle Sedie did not face a critical audience until they had mastered their art; and Jenny Lind's astonishing success owed as much to the perfection of her singing as to the quality of her voice. To-day one seldom hears a singer whose performance bears any marked resemblance to the *bel canto* of a past generation.

This unfortunate state of things is owing partly to the utter incompetence of the host of teachers who are singing-masters only in name. A large percentage of them are mere advertising charlatans, who impose upon their easily impressed pupils. A certain number who are accompanists by trade announce that they are prepared to teach singing—and await developments. Italy harbours many such persons; Germany is not free from them; Paris is the happy hunting-ground of the French variety; and England and America positively teem with them. Many of these enterprising people (some of whom honestly believe that they know their business) are employed at the various London music-schools, and there is not a single provincial town in the kingdom that fails to produce its quota of ignoramuses. The result—so far as the future of singing is concerned—is disastrous. Misguided boys and girls (most of whom were never intended by Nature to sing) throw away their money on "lessons," and, eventually, appear in public with results that are more entertaining than edifying. Those who at the commencement have been gifted with voices frequently emerge from the ordeal voiceless. It thus will be seen that the teacher is the only person who has profited.

Besides the lack of capable masters and mistresses, the rising generation of would-be singers does not seem disposed to study seriously. Not one beginner in a dozen recognises that *il bel canto* consists in a correctly placed voice over which complete mastery has been obtained. The artist who is thus equipped can sing almost any music without fatigue, while the full beauty of tone is brought out and all the graces of singing are displayed. The soprano who has studied under such conditions will sing the rôle of Marguerite as it should be sung and not as so many Marguerites render the part. The baritone who is of this school can give to the satisfaction of the *cognoscenti* the sustained "Dio Possente," the florid "Largo al factotum" and the dramatic "Cortigiani, vil' razza"—three widely different pieces of music. Tenors who have adopted the teaching of their distinguished predecessors may find the simple "Adieu, Mignon" and the more exacting "Una furtiva lagrima" equally within their scope, and the contralto who, instead of being led away by the flattery of friends, has devoted the necessary time to overcoming the difficulties which beset a beginner, will have her reward. Unfortunately, most modern singers do not undergo the required course of instruction—owing, either to lack of funds or to a less excusable want of application, with the result that their singing is a very poor imitation of the genuine thing. They seem oblivious of the fact of which the ancient poet might remind them, that "Life gives nothing to mortals without much labour." They seem to think with Dogberry that, though "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune," the art of music, like "to write and read, comes by nature." Few even of those who have "temperament" possess that mastery over the voice without which the emotions cannot be advantageously portrayed. In phrases depicting rage half-trained singers "force" until they wander off the key, and in passages which are sung *pianissimo* or *mezza voce* the tone suffers. The production

must be so perfect that it is physically impossible for the singer to commit a vocal fault. A Violetta whose voice is not sufficiently flexible is unlikely to sing the brilliant "Ah, fors'è lui" to the satisfaction of the candid critic, while the ardent Roméo who cannot produce his upper notes freely may in "Ah! lève-toi soleil" sing each B flat out of tune. As to Rosina's *roulades*, there are not many *prime-donne* whom one cares to hear attempt them.

Vanishing though the art of *il bel canto* is, yet so long as Battistini, Sembrich and Bonci continue to sing we shall be reminded of its existence. They stand out as its unusually capable exponents. To hear Battistini in *Ernani* is to listen to a singer who is as unsurpassed as he is great. In the declamatory "Lo vedremo, o veglio audace" he displays so admirable a control of voice that his singing is a revelation, while in the gentler "Vieni meco" which follows, he uses means which are only at the disposal of those who have mastered their art. Bonci's treatment of the music of Donizetti, Rossini and Bellini furnishes another instance of the art of singing as distinguished from the more common habit of shouting, while Nevada and Sembrich are amongst the few *colloratura* singers who remind one of their distinguished predecessors. Santley, at seventy-four, can sing a florid Handelian air with the finish which is part and parcel of his unique performance, and Patti—with her remnant of a voice—gives a rendering of "Pur dicesti" that must be the envy of the younger generation of *soprani*. Had the great English baritone in his youth commenced his career by trying to sing before completing his studies, he would not have been before the public continuously for half a century. Caruso, too, is likely to delight his admirers for many years to come. For he also put in the necessary amount of study before tempting Fate.

It has been suggested that with a view to preserving the art of *il bel canto*, the ranks of singing masters should be weeded of all who do not know their business. Could so drastic a measure be enforced, less bad singing might, perhaps, be heard.

GEORGE CECIL.

## THE MARRIAGE OF PANURGE

NELLY and Ambrose were wandering vaguely after their custom, enjoying the strange varieties and contrasts of the London streets at night. Everything was wonderful! The meanest slum had meanings and mysteries which were denied to the "High Street" of the provincial manufacturing town from which they had just escaped. They passed a church spire rising dim and vague into the night, and near the spire there was the "church-shop"—Roman evidently, from the subject and treatment of the works of art in the window. There was a crude, glaring statue of a saint in the centre: he was in bright red robes; the blood rained down from a wound in his forehead, and with one hand he drew the scarlet vestment aside and pointed to the bloody gash above his heart, and from this again the crimson drops fell thick. The colours stared and shrieked, and yet, through the bad cheap art there seemed to shine a rapture that was very near to beauty; the thing expressed was so great that it had almost overcome the villainy of the expression.

A few doors farther on they were charmed at the sudden appearance of stained glass lighted up from within. There were flourished scrolls and grotesques in the Renaissance manner, many emblazoned shields in ruby and gold and azure, and the centre-piece showed the court and state of the Enthroned Beer-King, attended by a host of dwarfs and kobolds and Teutonic oddities. They went in boldly and were charmed with the scene—with the dark beams in the white ceiling, the black-letter rubricated texts praising the drinkers' art, the hops suspended in the midst, more kobolds painted on the walls

in unsuspected corners, and the great rack of tankards short and tall, of earthenware and glass, which stood behind a little bar. It was the Tavern of the Three Kings in its unreformed days: they sat down, and Ambrose had a great krug of dark Munich beer, while Nelly sipped some sweet flowery drink out of a green glass.

It is not known how many of these krugs he emptied. In any case, Munich is no hot and rebellious drink, so the sources of what followed must probably be sought in other springs. He took a deep draught and then began without title or preface.

"You must know, Nelly dear," he said, "that the marriage of Panurge which fell out in due time (according to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle), was by no means a fortunate one. For against all the counsel of Pantagruel and Brother John Panurge married in a fit of spleen and obstinacy the crooked and squinting daughter of the little old man who sold green sauce in the Rue Quincangrogne at Tours, and forthwith he became excessively unhappy. It was in vain that he argued with his wife in all known tongues, and in some that are unknown, for as she said, she only knew two languages, the one of Touraine and the other of the Stick, and this second she taught Panurge *per modum passionis*—that is by beating him, and this so thoroughly that poor Pilgarlic was sore from head to foot. He was a worthy little fellow, but the greatest coward that ever breathed. Believe me, illustrious drinkers and most precious—I mean, Nelly dear; never was man so wretched as this Panurge, since Paradise fell from Adam. You inquire what was the matter? Why in the first place, this vile wench whom they all called, so much did they hate her, La Vie Mortale, or Deadly Life, this vile wench I say: what do you think that she did, when the last notes of the pipes and fiddles had sounded and the wedding guests had gone off to the Three Barbels to kill a certain worm—the which worm is most certainly immortal, since it is not dead yet? Well, then: what did Madame Panurge? Nothing but this; she robbed her good husband of every penny that he had. Doubtless you remember how in the old days Panurge had played ducks and drakes with all the wealth with which Pantagruel had endowed him, for which cause Pantagruel loved him all the more, and when he was wed, to show how he honoured a hearty spender, he gave him such a treasure that the goldsmiths who live under the bell of St. Gatien still talk of it before they dine, because by doing so they make their mouths water, and these salivary secretions are of high benefit to the digestion: read on this Galen. If you would know how great and glorious this treasure was you must go to the Library of the Archevêché at Tours, where they will show you a vast volume bound in pigskin, the name of which I have forgotten. But it is nothing else than the List and Inventory of the Wedding Gift of Pantagruel to Panurge; it contains surprising things, I can tell you. For, in good coin of the realm alone, never was gift that might compare with it, and, besides the common money, there were ancient pieces, the very names of which are now incomprehensible, and incomprehensible they will remain till the coming of the Coqciagues. There was, for example, a great gold Sol, a world in itself, as some said truly, and I know not how many myriad myriads of Étoiles, all of the finest silver that was ever minted. There were Anges-Gardiens, which the learned think must have been first coined at Angers, though others will have it that they were the same as our Angels; and as for Roses de Paradis and Couronnes Immortelles, I believe he had as many of them as ever he would. Beauties and Joys he was to keep for pocket-money; small change is sometimes great gain. And, no sooner had Panurge married that accursed daughter of the Rue Quincangrogne than she robbed him of everything, down to the last brass farthing. The fact is that the woman was a witch, and she cast such a spell upon poor Panurge that he thought himself an absolute beggar. Thus he would look at his Sol d'Or and say: 'What is the use of it? It is only a bright lump. I can

see it any day.' Then when they asked: 'But what about those Anges-Gardiens?' he would reply: 'Where are they? Show them to me. Have you seen them? I never see them.' And so with all else, and all the while that villain of a woman beat, thumped, and belaboured him so that the tears were always in his eyes, and they say you could hear him howling all over the world. Everybody declared that he had made a pretty mess of it and would come to a bad end.

"Luckily for him this witch of a wife of his would sometimes doze off for a few minutes, and then he had a little peace, and he would wonder what had become of all his old sweethearts, for he had been a merry little devil in his day, and could have taught Ovid lessons in *Arle Amoris*. Now, of course, it was as much as his life was worth to mention so much as the name of one of these ladies; and as for any little sly visits, stolen endearments, or any small matters of that kind it was: *Goodbye, I shall see you next Nevermas*. Nor was this all, but worse remains behind; and it is my belief that it is the thought of what I am going to tell you that makes the wind wail and cry of nights, and the clouds weep, and the sky put on blacks; for in truth it is the greatest sorrow that ever was since the beginning of the world. I must out with it quick or else I shall never have done: in plain good English, and as true as I sit here drinking good ale, not one drop, or minim, or dram, or pennyweight of drink had Panurge tasted since the day of his wedding! He had implored mercy, he had told her how he had served Gargantua and Pantagruel, and had got into the habit of drinking in his sleep; and his wife merely advised him to go to the devil—she was not going to let him so much as look at the nasty stuff. 'What do you want with Drink?' said she. 'Go and do business instead; it's much better for you!'

"And at last so wretched did he become that he took advantage of one of his wife's dozes, and stole away to the good Pantagruel, and told him the whole story, and a very bad one it was, so that the tears rolled down the giant's cheeks from sheer pity, and each tear-drop contained exactly one hundred and eighteen gallons of aqueous fluid, according to the calculation of the best geometers. The great man saw that the case was a desperate one, and Heaven knew, he said, whether it could be mended or not; but certain it was that such a business as this could not be settled in a hurry, like a game of shove-halfpenny between two gallons of wine. He therefore counselled endurance for a few thousand years: and in the meantime, lest Panurge should lose all patience, he gave him an odd drug or medicine, prepared by the Great Artist of the Mountains of Cathay. This he was to drop into his wife's glass—for though she would let him have no drink, she was drunk three times a day—and she would sleep all the longer, and leave him awhile in peace. This Panurge very faithfully performed, and got a little rest now and again, and they say that while that devil of a woman snored and snorted he was able by odd chances once or twice to get hold of a drop of the right stuff—good old stingo from the big barrel—which he lapped up as eagerly as a kitten laps up cream. Others there be who declare that he got about his sad old tricks again, while his ugly wife was sleeping in the sun; the gossips on the Maille make no secret of their opinion that his old mistress Madame Sophia was seen going in and out of the house as slyly as you please. Still, we must not listen to every scandal.

"Nevertheless, La Vie Mortale (a pest on her!) was more often awake than asleep, and when she was awake Panurge's case was worse than ever. For the woman was no piece of a fool, and she saw sure enough that something was going on. The stingo in the barrel was lower than of rights; and then the Fair Sophia came one morning so strongly and so sweetly perfumed that she scented the whole house, and when La Vie woke up it smelt like a church. There was fine work then, I promise you! The people heard the bangs and curses



and shrieks and groans as far as Amboise on the one side and Luynes on the other, and that was the year of the great flood of the Loire—by reason of Panurge's tears. As a punishment, she made him go and be industrial, and he built ten thousand stinkpot factories with forty thousand chimneys; and all the trees and flowers and green grass in the world were blackened and died, and all the waters were poisoned, so that no perch were to be found in the Loire, and salmon fetched forty sols the pound at Chinon market. As for the men and women, they became yellow apes, and listened to a codger named Calvin, who told them they would all be damned eternally (excepting himself and his friends), and they found his doctrine very comforting, and probable too; since they had the sense to know that they were more than half damned already.

"All this while the great Pantagruel was not idle. Perceiving how desperate the matter was, he summoned the Thousand and First Great Œcumenical Council of all the Sages of the Wide World; and when the Fathers were come and had heard High Mass at St. Gatien's, the Session was opened in a pavilion on the meadows of the Loire, just opposite to the Lanterne of Roche Corbon, whence this Council is always styled the Great Council of the Lantern. If you want to know where the place is you can do so very easily, for there is a choice tavern on the very spot where the pavilion stood, and there you may have *matelotte* and *friture* and amber wine of Vouvray better than in any tavern in Touraine. As for the History of the Acts of this great Council, it is still a-writing; and so far only two thousand volumes in elephant folio have been printed *sub signo Lucernæ, cum per. issu superiorum*. However, as it is necessary to be brief, it may be said that after having heard the whole case, as it was exposed by the great clerks of Pantagruel, having digested all the arguments, looked into the precedents, applied the doctrine, explored the hidden wisdom, consulted the Canons, searched the Scriptures, divided the dogma, distinguished the distinctions, answered the questions, the Holy Œcumenical Fathers of the Lantern resolved with one voice that there was no help in the world for Panurge, save only this: he must forthwith achieve the high, noble, and glorious Quest of the Sangraal, for no other way was there under heaven by which he might rid himself of that pestilent wife of his, La Vie Mortale."

"And on some other occasion," said Ambrose, "you may hear of the Last Voyage of Panurge to the Glassy Isle of the Holy Graal, of the incredible adventures that he achieved, of the dread perils through which he passed, of the great wonders, and marvels, and compassions of the way; and how at last he gloriously attained the Vision of the Sangraal, and was blissfully translated out of the power of Deadly Life."

"And where is he now?" said Nelly, who had found the tale interesting but obscure.

"It is not known precisely—opinions vary. But there are two odd things: one is that he is exactly like that man in the red dress whose statue we saw in the shop-window to-night; and the other is that from that day to this, he has never been sober for a single minute!"

ARTHUR MACHEN.

## FICTION

*The Call.* By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. DESMOND COKE has ventured out of his depth and very nearly drowned himself. He had proved himself a very pretty paddler, but he must stick to the shallows. His first book, "The Bending of a Twig," was much belauded. It was, indeed, a noteworthy achievement as a story of public school days, and it was followed up by an excellent study of University life. Altogether it was realised that Mr. Coke was a very promising young man

who might go far, and the reviewer determined to keep an eye on him. To say that in "The Call" he has disappointed expectations is only a very mild manner of expressing the painful truth. The production is indeed a pitiful exhibition of flatness and incompetence, a horrible example of a man attempting a theme beyond his powers. It is dreadful to witness a man spoiling a good idea, and this is assuredly what Mr. Coke has done. The subject he has chosen is excellent. A man, young, vain, hot-headed, superficially clever, living in the provinces, gets stage fever very badly through playing Orlando in amateur theatricals. He follows the "call" and becomes an actor. He finds speedy disillusion in a touring company. Possessed with a fervent desire to occupy the centre of the stage and to be always in the full flare of the limelight, he finds himself cast month after month to play minor parts with no chance of distinction. In disgust he throws up the stage and follows the call of the Church. Here his good elocution and good looks stand him in good stead, and he soon becomes a popular preacher, surrounded by adoring women, who flock to hear him castigating in the manner of Father Vaughan the sins and follies of the "smart set." He enjoys himself vastly until he falls in love with a married woman who has come to him for spiritual advice. The position proves too hard for him, and he is driven back to seek the stage as a means of livelihood. Now, told even thus in bare crude outline it will be seen that the story bristles with possibilities for a writer of power. It is easy to imagine, for instance, how ironically a clever French writer would have handled the general subject and shown up the folly of the foolish public that flocks after any celebrity. But it must be reluctantly confessed that Mr. Coke misses all the possibilities. His rendering of the tale is like a schoolboy doing five-finger exercises on the piano—ridiculous in its crudity.

*Nathan Todd.* By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

THIS is a quiet, unpretentious story of modern Virginia with a young schoolmaster as its principal character. It is a novel without a hero or heroics, although early in its pages two Russian ladies of high degree are introduced. Nathan Todd is known in the neighbourhood of Selmona as a "queer" person because he does not go to church, and when he is appointed schoolmaster he confirms his reputation by declining to read the Bible to his pupils. Then the conventional big house on the hill is let to the ladies already referred to. They are princesses, and in a few weeks Nathan becomes their constant visitor. Mother and daughter are shut off from the society of Selmona—which is Christian but not civilised—and they find in the youth a certain freshness which keeps them interested in life. The company of Nadia, the daughter, takes the uncouth Nathan into another world; Selmona and its petty weaknesses are forgotten, and he devotes all his time to the Palovnas. Then financial troubles come upon the Russian ladies. Certain events in Russia make it impossible for the head of the house to send the expected money and the Princess and her daughter are desperately anxious to get back to their native land. Nathan, of course, does not wish Nadia to go, but she says she must, and in the long run he lends them sufficient to pay for their journey. When the young teacher declares his love for Nadia she allows him to kiss her in a romantic mood, though she only likes him as she would a brother. They take their departure, eventually repay the money lent by Nathan, and then the girl announces her engagement to a princely cousin. "Why, of course, there ain't no God," says Nathan, as he crushes the letter containing the news in his hand. And there the story ends. It is pitched in too low a tone to excite any great interest, but here and there the authoress evokes appreciation by her admirable descriptions of the colourless lives led by the inhabitants of the small towns of America. "Nathan Todd" will maintain the reputation of Lucas Cleeve.

*The Average Man.* By A. C. FOX-DAVIES. (Routledge, 2s. 6d.)

MR. FOX-DAVIES, having written one detective story marked by a certain ingenuity and skill which won it great popularity, appears to think any rough-and-ready *feuilleton* good enough for his readers. The book before us, indeed, might well have appeared—and probably has appeared—in one of the publications which have had their birth in Carmelite House. It does not belong to a high order of literature: we might almost drop the negative and say that it belongs to a very low order of so-called literature. It is marked by the same ingenuity which was apparent in "The Dangerville Inheritance," but not by the same skill. There is no thinking in "The Average Man," and there is insufficient material to fill the three hundred and three pages which are issued for half-a-crown (not net), and, consequently, a great deal of "padding." Not unfitly might it have been issued in the *Mignonette* or *Sweet Lavender* novelettes which are issued weekly for the sum of one penny for the delectation of the servants' hall. There is an actress in it, and, of course, she has lost her character; there are lovers, of course; jealousy, murder, suspicion, and a halter about to encircle the neck of a fine old English gentleman; there is also a magnificent renunciation; and a detective; and another detective; and a detective-lawyer; and divers other folk. Also, it is all very melodramatic and amateurish and crude and unconvincing. Mr. Fox-Davies appears to be badly in need of a holiday and a complete rest.

*The Lonesome Trail.* By JOHN G. NIEHARDT. (Lane, 6s.)

THE twenty short stories which go to the making of this book have previously appeared in *Munsey's*, *The American Magazine*, *The Smart Set*, *The Scrap-Book*, *The All-Story*, *Watson's* and *The Overland Monthly*, to the respective editors of which the author gratefully returns thanks for permission to republish. One and all, they deal, as their title indicates, with an ideal life of mixed primitiveness and polish which a great many authors and readers like to imagine existed somewhere or other at some time or other—"the good old times," in fact, when "men were men," don't you know? Side by side with much foolish affectation, the author displays no little power and observation and an imagination which, if properly directed, might enable him to do very good work. "The Lonesome Trail" suffers from the fact that there are too many stories in it and that the reader is no sooner launched upon one than it ends abruptly and he is switched off on to another. One or two of them, regarded from the point of view of art pure and simple, are excellent specimens of their class, but persistent following along the lonesome trail has led the author into repetitions which are irritating and should have been eliminated in the proof-sheets. Explanations of words, too, are given more than once, and there is never any obvious reason why the words should be used at all. If "zinga zinga" means "a baby" why does not the author write "baby" and have done with it? We should be reluctant to pass judgment on Mr. Niehardt on the strength of this collection of stories, and we are inclined to think that he will do better work when he has learnt restraint.

*Richard Elliott, Financier.* By GEORGE CARLING. (Sisleys, 6s.)

THIS is evidently a *roman à clef*. The Standard Wool Company and the individual pirates who figure in it are the Trust and Corner men of the land of liberty. And no one who lives in the modern world, however far he may live from such methods and such people can doubt that the picture is a true one. The reflection forced on the mind by it is that the powerful and elaborate machinery devised by society for catching and punishing criminals must be a sorry failure if it cannot catch and punish such men as this. To be sure their swindling is on a gigantic scale. They destroy their fellows wholesale. It is easier to catch Crainquebille or the boy who robs an orchard. Besides,

these men are philanthropists. They hardly speak without quoting the Scriptures. They build churches and endow schools. Presumably as they are at large they do not break the law: while of course their power and wealth are incalculable. Like all vehement indictments of capital Mr. Carling's picture leaves out some of the difficulties. When once a man of affairs is in the stream he must often go on or go under. He cannot stop. But when the successful pursuit of affairs makes such stuff of him as this it seems unfortunate that he cannot be swiftly and painlessly wiped out. For the business men in this story show no great qualities of brain and character. They do not build up industries or carry other men with them on the tide of their prosperity. Each one seems to fight for his own hand as a beast of prey does, and the weapons he uses are those that will give him the victory. There is apparently no lie too mean for him to tell and no deal too base for him to try on his competitors. The value of the novel depends entirely on its description of these people and their doings. It does not pretend to any other interest, and when you get to the end of it if you are not a "financier" yourself your brain reels with following the ups and downs of Mr. Richard Elliott's shady transactions. The atmosphere of greed and treachery is unpleasant from first to last, but for all that the account of these latter-day land-pirates is absorbing.

*The Witchery of the Serpent.* By JAMES BARR. (Gay & Bird, 6s.)

IF this is a juvenile effort it is a creditable one and we would not for the world be hard on it. When the author is a little older he will not make his hero fly from a cab accident into the arms of an unknown girl in the first chapter and vault over a hedge into the sunshade of another unknown girl in the third chapter: at least not if the hero is the editor of a leading London paper and in his right mind. It unsteadies the reader's mind to see "a power of the press" behaving like an acrobat at a variety show. Certainly Gladwyn was an uncommon kind of editor. He imperilled his position and the reputation of his paper at the request of a young woman he had only seen once before—when he jumped into her arms in Kensington High Street; and though he does not believe in sea-serpents, to oblige her he prints a long account of one seen off the Scotch coast. "What is there about me that makes everybody take me for a fool?" he demands of himself. We should say that it was his general behaviour. Ian Cormac, the man who saw the sea-serpent and is left at the end of the story safely seated in Gladwyn's editorial chair, had more grit than his predecessor. He got the post by threatening the proprietor with an action for libel as an alternative. "Your paper or your name," he said to Sir Samuel, so he got the paper. We had no idea that leading London dailies were managed in this way. Yet the author has evidently been on the press. He describes the routine and machinery of a newspaper as if he knew them, and his reporter who offered to "locate the insect in the Serpentine and write the copy while you wait" is amusing. The banks of the Fal Mr. Barr describes as if he had once been from Falmouth to Truro in a pleasure-steamer and had seen the turrets and pinnacles of a well-known house through the trees.

## DRAMA

### THE IRISH PLAYERS AGAIN

ON Saturday afternoon the Abbey Theatre Company of Irish Players gave *The Gaol Gate*, *The Rising of the Moon*, and *Hyacinth Halvey*, by Lady Gregory, and *On Baile's Strand* by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mr. Yeats has a gift for writing beautiful lyrical poetry, and there are lines in *On Baile's Strand* which are worthy of him. On the other hand he is not at his best when making use of the



dramatic medium. The delicate beauty of his imagery and the soft, rather faint, sweetness of his lines are lost in their passage across the footlights. Moreover his excursions into mythical Irish history (by the way though claimed by the Irish most of the "Irish heroes" and the "Irish mythology" are really Scotch, and of the Western coast and islands of Scotland, as all readers of Fiona Macleod will know), these excursions I say are not convincing. There is something rather irritating about the modern turn of speech which Mr. Yeats puts into the mouths of these heroes, and as the "action" of the play is simply non-existent, as far as the audience is concerned, the whole result is tedious and rather exasperating. Mr. Yeats many years ago wrote one perfectly beautiful and complete little play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, and though I have never seen it acted and do not know how it would bear interpretation on the stage, I have read it again and again with increasing pleasure. The subject was so much more suited to Mr. Yeats's genius than are the noisy rhetorics, the vapourings and sword-clashings of Cúchulain and Conchúrbar and the rest of them, that I cannot but regret that he should have deserted the sphere he used to adorn for one where he shines with a diminished light. He is as I have said a lyrical poet, and that is a pretty considerable thing to be; let him be content to recognise that he does not possess the dramatic instinct and the executive power to write a play. *The Land of Heart's Desire* was a nappy accident; if he is to happen on such a thing of beauty again he must return to that country of the soul where he found it.

Lady Gregory's plays are of a very different kind. They aim at certain definite objects: the depicting of contemporary Irish peasant life: in its pathetic aspect, in *The Gaol Gate*, a moving and terrible little drama superbly acted by Miss Sara Allgood and Miss Maire O'Neill; in its whimsical, half-comic aspect with yet an undercurrent of tragedy and a touch of wildness and the dangerous call of the unquenchable kinship of blood, in *The Rising of the Moon* where the real hero is the sergeant (Mr. Arthur Sinclair), who sacrifices the hundred pounds reward he had set his heart on at the bidding of the old thrill that he feels when the ballad-singer (Mr. W. Fay) sings or whistles the revolutionary tunes, that he sang in his hot youth; in its frankly humorous and comedy aspect in *Hyacinth Halvey*, the unfortunate youth whose efforts to rid himself of an unwelcome reputation for an exaggerated sanctity of life, only lead him further and further into the morass of saintliness which two delightful coincidences perversely combine to aggravate. A splendid comedy idea it is, and admirably worked out in lines that are crammed with wit and racy humour. Its only fault is that it is all too short; many a "farical comedy" has "dragged its slow length along" through three or four acts on considerably less material for comedy than is contained in the one short act of this brilliant little masterpiece. The parts were sustained by Mesdames Sara Allgood and Brigit O'Dempsey, Messrs. F. J. and W. G. Fay, Arthur Sinclair, and J. A. O'Rourke, and all were so excellent that it would be invidious to single out one or two names for special praise. The Court actors will have to look to their laurels; the Irish players have founded a new school of acting.

A. D.

### THE DRAMA OF BRADFIELD COLLEGE

THE triennial season of the Greek play at Bradfield closed its too brief course on June 17. The *répertoire* is restricted to three plays, one of which is given each season. This year the *Antigone* was revived from the year 1898. Our contemporaries have praised with unusual unanimity the individual rendering of the parts, and the considerable poetic merit of the boys' new translation. We endorse their judgment, but we would now make some suggestions towards a larger consideration of the Bradfield

conception of the Greek Drama renewed. Bradfield College is the only place now existent where Greek plays are given in Greek, under Greek conditions, in a theatre of Greek form. The full significance of this effort should not be missed. The Bradfield Drama may take an important place in the history of the stage in England. Many of our contemporaries also criticise these plays on the standard of other school-performances. This is not the grade of criticism which the management of Bradfield merits. Indulgence should be reserved rather for such enterprising managers who develop the Greek Drama and show its capacity in one or another direction such as for elocutionary or scenic effect. They have to struggle with the difficulties of theatres adapted only to the modern drama, and of actors trained under other traditions, and with the dangerous facilities of artificial light. How interesting and how meritorious these experiments are has been recognised by critics who saw long ago the *Agamemnon* in the hall of Balliol College, played by men only and in the daylight. Again, there are companies of men and women who have given Professor Murray's scholarly English versions, and have had all the advantage of Professor Gardner's able archaeological management. Especially interesting was the performance of the *Persae* in sonorous English prose, given by a mixed company of peculiarly intelligent actors dressed in all the splendour of Mr. Charles Ricketts's wealth of imagination.

It is well known that the Bradfield Drama owes its existence to Dr. Gray, the present Warden of the College. We are not now concerned with education, and we beg that Dr. Gray will allow us to treat him for the moment solely as an impresario. We regard the Bradfield Drama as the present standard of Greek Dramatic Art. Dr. Gray's personality is deeply impressed upon it and it cannot be considered without him. Some seventeen years ago he started with a pick-axe and shovel to reconstitute in a Berkshire chalk-pit a fully developed primitive Drama which had lain dormant for centuries. His object was not to exhibit it in parts as others have been forced to do, but to revive it and transplant it in its entirety. It was the work of archaeology to choose for models an auditorium from Sicily, a pavement described by Vitruvius, a *θυμέλη* from Epidaurus, a stage from Megalopolis, musical instruments from the Museum of Naples. To adapt all these to the scenery of a Berkshire hill-side without losing their primitive effect was the work of a creative artist endowed with a delicate sense of proportion. If we interpret correctly Dr. Gray's conception of the point to which the accustomisation of the Greek Drama should be carried no material could be better to form actors than the boys of a public school. Happily many of them are still familiarised with Greek. Companies can be formed far more proficient in reciting from memory long passages of Greek and Latin than most trained actors trouble to make themselves in their own language. Boys' enunciation is naturally clear and correct, and they have not to divest themselves of the totally different traditions in which professional actors are trained. Further, the statuesque expression both in action and repose is highly important. It should be characterised by a degree of restraint very difficult to attain by art. The palaestra of the schools gives boys an ease of posture and gesture which are merely the natural symptoms of health, and since women are rigidly excluded by the Greek canons even from female parts, no *mannequins* could be found apter to the *χρῶν*, the *ἱμάτιον* or the *πέπλος*. They are accustomed to exercise in the open air, and have none of the feeling that their skins look ridiculous, which the trained actor often shows in respect of his flesh-coloured tights. The colour of flesh, so valuable to the artist, and the colour of the June trees are natural keynotes to which the artificial colours can be toned at Bradfield, just as the intense blue of the Mediterranean, and rocks in the blaze of sunlight were keynotes of tone at Syracuse. Though

there was little mechanism in Greek staging, there was much in the acting. Half the majesty of demeanour was supplied by the stilted buskin. Grimace was rendered impossible by the masks. Modulation of tone was reduced to rule by the use of the mouthpiece. The Greeks would not have tolerated any freedom of gesture which did not correspond with the rest of the action. In the Bradfield conception all these mechanical archaisms have been left in the museums, as out of note with the time and place. The exact form of the Pompeian musical instruments was copied, and the late director of music, Mr. Abdy Williams, wrote chaunts for the *Antigone* in the Greek modes so far as they are accurately known. They were sung during the season of 1889 and were pleasant to our ears. Apparently they were not so to the majority of the audience, on whom the simple music written by the present director, Dr. S. J. Rowton, probably created better the Greek impression desired. The audience is peculiarly important at Bradfield. It is always the concomitant of the actor, who is in this sense more relative than any other artist; the effect of its reaction on him is only slightly less than his initial impression upon it. In a Greek play, which was at least theoretically an act of worship, the audience was a liturgical necessity, just as a congregation or its symbol the Server is essential to the celebration of the Christian Mass. The Bradfield auditorium seats about two thousand people; nearly this number are required in so large a space in order to support the actors. No professional impresario has attempted to meet the dull and prosaic difficulties which Dr. Gray has overcome in this respect. When we reflect that Bradfield is a very small village three miles from a wayside station, incapable of conveying or feeding a dozen unexpected visitors, the arrangements initiated by Dr. Gray show a power of organisation which is really amazing.

Counsels of Perfection affect only those that have nearly reached it. We have already claimed for the Bradfield Drama judgment by the strictest canons. In this spirit we repeat a suggestion concerning the Chorus which has been made before. There is practically no authority on which to reconstruct its evolutions. It is only known that it executed warlike movements in honour of Bacchus. Let us hasten to note that we write of Βάχχος "fleet of foot as the fleet foot kid." We do not refer to the person so useful to the English moralist who has long ceased to follow mænads, and falls into the arms of the police. Bradfield has cast aside the mask, we wish it would pluck off the grey beard. There is something unpleasantly grotesque, rather horrible, in associating so closely the vigour of the ephebe with these ensigns of decay. A chorus of warriors singly youthful would be more in harmony with a god "ever young," than the present persons of dual age. Symbolically it would represent the eternal vigour of those universal principles of ethics which the Chorus enunciates in contrast to the passing personal duties which torture the individual. We would not suggest any break in the development of the Bradfield conception, but we venture to express a hope that Dr. Gray may give us in addition an experience which he alone can give. We should like to see a few representations of a Greek tragedy, in his unique theatre, as near to the originals as archaeology can make them. We should like to see the buskin, the mask and the speaking tube, all, in use, and we should like to hear Greek pronounced in one of the modes in which it has been spoken by Greeks. For such a performance we desire no actors better than Bradfield boys, but this is a prayer that must rest on the knees of their Warden.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PROTESTANTISM

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—I am no theologian; but may I venture, from the purely literary point of view, to enter a feeble protest against the denunciation of Protestantism in your number of June 8? If I were asked to select from the annals of literature two "Protestants" of the first water, I should certainly name Milton and Bunyan. Are the writings of these men "the negation of beauty, mystery, wonder, and imagination?" Has any "Catholic" writer since the Reformation possessed these qualities in larger measure? And their "Protestantism" is "infinitely worse than Paganism"! Milton, I presume, is a magnified Lucretius, and Bunyan an exaggerated Lucian. Such a statement (if I may borrow your editorial phraseology) seems to me to be worse than criminal: it is ignorant.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

[Our contributor writes as follows: I have read the letter of "A Student of Literature" with great interest and respect, and I must confess myself beaten in argument. Whatever my errors, I hope I am not one of those who, though convinced, are ashamed to acknowledge the conviction. "A Student of Literature" has opposed to my statement that Protestantism is "the negation of beauty, wonder, mystery, imagination," the illustrious names of Milton and Bunyan: there is nothing for it but to give in as gracefully as possible, to plead guilty with a contrite countenance.

At the same time I should like to point out that the "Student's" argument is of general application; it cannot be limited to this especial instance. For example, it will be necessary for us all to revise our judgment as to the opium habit. We used to think that no more dreadful fate could overtake a human being, that there was no surer way of destroying and degrading will, body, soul, and mind than this. It would be possible, no doubt, to quote many instances. And yet this opinion is worse than criminal: it is ignorant. If I were asked to select two men who exhibited the imaginative faculty in its most exalted degree I should name Coleridge and De Quincey, who, by the way, attained to considerable ages. From these two examples it follows that opium is not only good for the brain but is beneficial to the general health. Again, many have thought that violent alcoholism is not quite the best regimen for the scholar or the man of letters. This is another piece of ignorance; let us think for a moment of Porson and Poe. There are many vulgar errors about lunacy: to refute them it is only necessary to refer to the cases of Christopher Smart and Gérard de Nerval, who were commonplace when sane, inspired when mad. Mania, it is evident, is the only true brain-clearer.

Then there is another point of view. Medical men have spoken of delirium tremens as rather enfeebling to the human constitution. It is plain that they have been ignorant too, for no man is stronger than a patient in the first stages of this delightful and invigorating condition. "It took three men to 'old 'im darn'"—so often runs the simple evidence of the observer.

But I think we should all congratulate "A Student of Literature" on a really valuable logical discovery. He has shown conclusively that the old maxim of the books—The Exception proves the Rule—has been misunderstood for centuries. By a brilliant flash of intuition he has restored the axiom to its true sense, and in future all rules will be disproved simply by quoting their exceptions. —ARTHUR MACHEN.]

### LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Will you permit me one final word of comment on Mr. Lewis Hind's exquisitely graceful and polite communication. Mr. Lewis Hind has a naive theory that the publishers declined to bring out an English translation of "Les maîtres D'Autrefois" because an American version already exists. Mr. Lewis Hind is welcome to his theory as he is to his polished style. But from the replies I have received from the publishers I am convinced that they did not know, any more than I did, of the existence of this American version made many years ago. I hope it is not improper of me to say, having now seen it, that I consider it totally unworthy to represent Fromentin's noble masterpiece. Why our desire to see an adequate English interpretation or a simple statement of fact should be characterised by Mr. Lewis Hind



as a "hullabaloo" I know not. In view of Mr. Lewis Hind's own "Little Pilgrimages" and what not, it would be easy to make a retort that might not be agreeable to Mr. Lewis Hind's feelings. But I refrain. I will only say I should have thought that any one with any pretensions to literary criticism would have looked with approval upon our desire to see one of the great masters of French prose worthily and reverently honoured. I am glad to say that thanks to the kind offices of one of your readers there is a likelihood of a disinterested publisher coming forward.

F. H. E.

# MR. LANG'S "JOHN KNOX AND THE REFORMATION"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some time ago I crossed swords with Mr. Andrew Lang in your columns over "a regular howler" (the description is his own) he had perpetrated in his "John Knox and the Reformation." Instead of replying to me in the ACADEMY, from his "coign of vantage" in the *Illustrated London News* he makes an effort to belittle my discovery of his blunder by administering to me a copious dose of—ridicule.

In the first place it is a grievance with Mr. Lang that I did not point out the error when the book was published two years ago. The reason is not far to seek. I read the book for the first time only a few weeks ago. In the second place he thinks his mistake excusable as Knox had been in France, and it was natural to accept "brak [not brack] a chaise" as "brak a chair." But Mr. Lang might have known that as the aggressor was on horseback a "chair" was a most unlikely weapon of attack.

John Knox's history may be as inaccurate as Mr. Lang believes it to be, but it is scarcely necessary for Mr. Lang to pervert Knox's history when that history is correct, simply because Mr. Lang apparently does not possess a Scots dictionary, a work which he says "a gentleman named Stronach (if I mistake not, a believer in Lord Verulam as the author of Shakespeare's plays) . . . has consulted with praiseworthy research." This is a bit irrelevant. What have my Baconian sympathies to do with the "broken chair" incident I would ask Mr. Lang?

But even Mr. Lang's history is not always above reproach. For example, he says Knox "died as he had lived, a poor man." Knox lived in the enjoyment of every comfort, spent a lot on horseflesh in his meteoric scampers through the country, drew the then large salary of £400 Scots from the bountiful hand of the Town Council, and from 1559 to 1572 never suffered the pinch of poverty. He lived up to his means and so died poor. Mr. Lang should consult the Treasurer's Accounts in the Burgh Records of Edinburgh. Knox was "found" in everything, even in the locks of the doors of his mansion in the capital.

Then there is Mr. Lang's attempt in an appendix to convict Mary of Guise of forgery on the evidence of a cipher letter of Throckmorton, one of the cleverest and basest of the tools of Elizabeth, a supporter of the Scottish revolutionary party, schemer, liar, briber, and cold-blooded accessory to the murder conspiracy of Amboise.

Yet on page 281 Mr. Lang says the "evidence" he brings against her would "scarcely satisfy a jury." Why not then describe it as "alleged forgery" instead of "forgery."

It would take pages of print to expose Mr. Lang's historical "inexactitudes." Just one other specimen:

On page 27 Mr. Lang "goes for" Professor Hume Brown, one of the most diligent and accurate of our Scottish historians. In correcting one of the Professor's dates, Mr. Lang actually blunders himself to the extent of a month—assigning an event to June instead of to July. Professor Hume Brown, after all, was nearer the date than his critic!

It is high time Mr. Lang obtained some expert assistance in the compilation, or at least revision, of his historical work. He is so unmerciful in his criticism of that of others who do not see with his eyes that he ought not to resent a little similar criticism when directed against himself.

It was my intention to ask him to allow this reply to appear in the *Illustrated London News* where his charges were formulated in "At the Sign of St. Paul's," but I knew that my attempt would have been useless, as it was some years ago, when he made an attack on my Covenanting history in "The Sign of the Ship" in the deceased *Longman's Magazine*.

Hence this communication to the ACADEMY.

GEORGE STRONACH.

# BYRON'S TOMB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few days back I received from a lady friend of mine (Miss Gwendoline Harrison) a picture postcard representing a large railed-in gravestone, under which were printed the words: "Harrow, Byron's Tomb." On the card the lady wrote: "My sister and I have come here to-day for a walk. I thought you might care for this picture-card. I had no idea that Byron's tomb was here." But Byron's tomb is not "here." He lies buried in the little village church of Hucknall, near Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire. When a boy at Harrow School, Byron often used to visit the churchyard, where it was his custom to sit brooding on one particular gravestone, which has since been stupidly and most misleadingly named "Byron's Tomb." But when picture postcards are being issued containing these lying words it is really time to enter a protest. To prove how widespread is the belief that this Harrow gravestone actually covers Byron's remains, I may mention that when showing the said postcard to my otherwise well-informed friend, Mr. Henry Saint-George, the latter, after my having ironically, but with apparent gravity, remarked that I was hitherto not aware that Byron was buried at Harrow, knowingly exclaimed: "Why, I could have told you that!"

ALGERNON ASHTON.

June 17.

# MR. BERNARD SHAW'S LECTURE ON "THE NEW THEOLOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To offer a criticism to Mr. Bernard Shaw's lecture on the New Theology will appear, at least to Mr. Shaw himself, as a presumptuous undertaking. If I were to adopt Mr. Shaw's own style, I should say that I was older than Mr. Shaw although I looked much younger, or that although perhaps I had thought on the subject for a much shorter period of time than Mr. Shaw had done it was probably with much greater profundity. But I do not adopt that style, and merely say that the deep interest I have taken for many years in religious questions emboldens me to offer a few criticisms on what seems to me the weakness of his so-called New Theology, in which there was little theology and nothing new.

Mr. B. Shaw started with the old objection that if God were the Creator of the universe it was absurd to contend that he was omnipotent, because on the face of it, seeing the things he had created he was at best a sad bungler. At his worst the orthodox God was "cruel and spiteful." Now Mr. Shaw contended that to associate cruelty and spite with God is ridiculous, and if that was the only God theologians had to offer he was content with Bradlaugh to be called an atheist. But Mr. Shaw knew better than that. He was no atheist, because there was a God-Creator who was neither cruel nor spiteful, but merely ignorant and inexperienced.

Now this humble and unskilful but industrious and well-meaning little God has, according to his interpreter, always been "creating something a little better than himself." We can imagine in what humble circumstances he was when he began when we are told that his first attempt was a protozoön; but he was not discouraged, and he tried and tried again (for how many million years Mr. Shaw modestly assures us he is not in a position positively to affirm) until at last he created—Mr. Bernard Shaw, who rather unkindly reveals the secret of his god's early failures. Now this pinched conception of God arises in Mr. Shaw's mind from his inability to divest himself of the idea of God as a creator, as man or rather Mr. Shaw would create, if he undertook the job. This is the old theology with a vengeance. There are people, says Mr. Shaw, who think of their God, as Shelley expressed it, as an "Almighty fiend," because they are unable to reconcile the sin and sorrow in the world with a beneficent "Creator." Charles Darwin offered them a substitute in the theory of "natural selection," which some of them jumped at.

Mr. Shaw repudiated for Charles Darwin his reputation as an evolutionist, which he explained was justly due to Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather. "Charles Darwin knew nothing about evolution" was the amazing assertion to which we were treated, and was probably unacquainted with his grandfather's views on the subject. Apart from the absurdity of supposing a great scientist ignorant of any work bearing on or connected with the subjects he was studying, there is confusion of thought in this insistence upon the divergence between "evolution" and "natural selection"; they may and do involve separate study and separate theories, but the conclu-

sions they afford are not necessarily antagonistic or paradoxical.

Darwin was a patient, laborious searcher in the natural world of phenomena. He did not attempt to explain or to explain away any conception of God, popular or otherwise. He left untouched the whole field of metaphysics, philosophy, transcendentalism, or religion. No student of Darwin need be prevented from having an active living faith in the invincible strength of the power of goodness and love, which is the only true God—and in this sense, and this sense only, omnipotent. The question, "Why if God be omnipotent does he allow evil to exist?" has always seemed to me childish in the extreme, with the most irritating attributes of childishness, and is repeated by Mr. B. Shaw in the form, "Why, if God is better than you, did not he make something better than you are?" The evidence of those who deny the warmth and light given by the sun because they had never emerged from a cave so carefully closed that no ray could penetrate, would be as valuable as that of those who have never felt the divine power of love, either in or towards themselves, who deny the omnipotence of God. To attribute malevolence to the spirit of love because hatred exists, is as illogical as to complain of ice because it will not warm us, or of fire because it will. Belief in the absolute power of this spirit, when it is evoked and manifested in the only way that we, as finite beings, are able to perceive it, that is in and through ourselves, is the only true incontrovertible faith. It is possessed by some without any analysis of how they have arrived at it. It shines forth unmistakably in their daily life, it is the faith that will and does remove mountains where all else fails miserably. It conquers anger, cruelty, lust, and greed with never-failing triumph. It is an inexhaustible source that has endured throughout the ages, and of which is written, "Before time was I was." To those armed with this power sham martyrdom is impossible, for with the knowledge of its invincibility there is no sense of failure, whatever outside results may appear to record: the "perfect love which casteth out fear," sees with no mortal eyes the radiant vision of the promised land wherein the "peace of God passeth all understanding." But all this relates to our action through God, or to God's action through us, whichever way we like to put it, but not to God's independent action, of which we can never have other than mediate knowledge. For this reason one person's "revelation" is of no value to another, for the "message" received with the spiritual hearing is not directly communicable on the mundane plane by means of ordinary personal communication or normal human intercourse. Paul's revelation is no revelation to me except I receive it immediately from the same source. Therefore the supposed infallibility of what is understood as a "revealed religion" must necessarily be a gigantic imposition, the attempted materialisation of what is essentially spiritual or non-material.

Theologians and others are much too much concerned with God's dealings with us and not concerned enough with our dealings with God. The first we can never discover, and the search is not only barren and unprofitable, but leads to exasperating dogmatisation on the part of those who assume or imagine themselves to be the mouthpiece of the divine will. The dogmatising scientist (who is by the way never a true scientist) is as irritating as the dogmatising theologian and with less excuse. This is probably what Mr. B. Shaw meant when he said that the belief in "natural selection" as the solution of the riddle of the universe explained, if it did not justify, the cruelty indulged in by vivisectioners. But this arose from the theological habit of mind of thinking it necessary primarily to consider matters in relation to God's dealing with mankind and leaving out of account the first duty of man, not according to theologians, but according to the great lay teachers from Christ downwards, viz., our duty to God. Our duty towards God is to love and seek the Highest with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our strength. This as a legitimate injunction has never been the subject of controversy. How then does Mr. Shaw propose to love his God a little lower than himself with all his heart, and soul, and strength? Or is it carrying out this command that his profound admiration for the "little better than his God," namely himself, is so strongly in evidence? In Mr. Shaw's case this may answer admirably; indeed it appears to do so to his own and his admirers' intense satisfaction, but until Mr. Shaw's God is skilful enough to turn out a sufficient number of the same pattern to justify his creative efforts what are the rest of us to do? Is Mr. Shaw prepared to give up all his time if we humbler mortals make him a *bona fide* offer of the God-ship, the period of office to be determined by the progress made during his official tenure? Mr. Shaw would probably say that this proposition is by no means a legitimate outcome of his theory; then I am prepared to

flaunt greater perspicacity than Mr. Shaw possesses, because it is all that his poor little creed could lead to. And his lecture left those who had thought on the subjects he professed to deal with not one whit the richer in thought or feeling, but, alas, the poorer in their hitherto ungrudging estimate of the quality of Mr. Bernard Shaw's undisputed brilliancy and wit.

AGNES GROVE.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### BIOGRAPHY

Alfred Bruneau. By Arthur Hervey. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

Wright, H. C. Seppings. *Life of Admiral Togo*. Hurst & Blackett, 1s. net.

### DRAMA

Shaw, Bernard. *John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara: also How He Lied to Her Husband*. Constable, 6s.

*The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen*. Volume x. *Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder*. With introduction by William Archer. Heinemann, 4s.

### EDUCATIONAL

Frazer, Mrs. J. G. *La Famille Troisel*. Macmillan, 1s. 6d.

### FICTION

*The Devil's Peepshow*. A Story of 1906. By the Author of "A Time of Terror." Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Bindloss, Harold. *His Lady's Pleasure*. White, 6s.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. *New Chronicles of Rebecca*. Constable, 6s.

Davis, M. E. M. *The Price of Silence*. Constable, 6s.

De Chonski, Myriem. *La Brabina*. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin, 3 fr. 50.

Montrésor, F. F. *The Burning Torch*. Murray, 6s.

De Sélincourt, Hugh. *The Strongest Plume*. Lane, 6s.

### HISTORY

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